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## THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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# THIS MONTH

Another introduction of **Ernest Brace** to readers of the *MAGAZINE OF ART* seems unnecessary. But for benefit of new readers (and to remind old ones) we can say that he has written numerous one-man articles for the magazine, he lives the year round in Bearsville, New York, only a mile or two from Woodstock. His acquaintance with artists and their work is, therefore, first-hand. Mr. Brace's articles have not been confined to artists who belong to the Woodstock colony: Schnakenberg, for instance, gravitates between Vermont and Manhattan.

Perhaps in announcing **Mary R. Beard's** article last month we gave the false idea that her writing has been restricted to collaboration with her husband. But she has written a great deal on her own, not only articles for magazines but books and pamphlets: *On Understanding Women*, *America Through Women's Eyes*, and *Changing Political Economy as it Affects Women*, for example. Her article this month is a reworking of a subject about which she lectured at the Philadelphia Museum last winter.

This month we have two authors who teach in the art departments of women's colleges in Virginia and Maryland. **Lois Wilcox**, who writes of El Greco, teaches at Sweet Briar College and paints and makes prints when she can find the time. **Eleanor Patterson Spencer**, who heads her department at Goucher College, Baltimore, took her degrees in art history at Bryn Mawr College. She gave a paper at the symposium in Baltimore last month.

**Carlos Merida** who writes about Mexico's younger generation this month belongs to it himself. To his ability in the visual arts he adds a gift for writing which makes him an important spokesman of the L. E. A. R. **Fritz Henle** whose photographs of Mexico provide the Portfolio for June, made an extended trip to Mexico in the summer of 1937. He was the subject of an article "Shadows on Celluloid," published in this magazine in March, 1937.

# FORTHCOMING

NEXT MONTH AND AFTER

## ANOTHER NEW ORLEANS

Already readers have seen two photographs by **Clarence J. Laughlin** published in Portfolios last year when that section was a miscellany. Mr. Laughlin has many more fine ones and we shall publish a number of them soon with his brief article telling, not at all technically, how and why he took them.

## DOCUMENTARY

**Joris Ivens** the Dutch documentary film-maker, is the subject of an article by **Jay Leyda** and **Robert Stebbins**. It traces Ivens' development from the days of his first film, *The Bridge*, through *Spanish Earth*, the picture which has brought him to a wide public in this country. Scheduled for summer publication.

## AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING

**Helen Appleton Read** is now at work on an article for a summer issue tracing the development of landscape painting in this country. Her knowledge of the field is far above the ordinary and Mrs. Read is able to show the relationship of American painting to what was being done in Europe at the same time.

## PAUL STARRETT SAMPLE

The California painter who has recently been appointed artist in residence at Dartmouth College is the subject of **Alfred V. Frankenstein's** one-man article for the July issue. A color reproduction of Sample's *Storm Brewing* accompanies the article.

## PRYING INTO PICTURES

**George L. Stout** of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, is evaluating for readers of the *MAGAZINE OF ART* to what extent the fast developing scientific tools of the experts really contribute. His article will appear next month.

## AND ALSO . . .

A review of recent illustrated books by **Carl Purington Rollins**, Printer to Yale University. You would have had it this month if illustrations had not proved to be elusive. . . . The excavations at the Step Pyramid at Sakkarah, Egypt, by **M. J. P. Lauer**, director of the expedition.

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**HENRY SCHNAKENBERG: "THE RAILROAD CUT" (WATER COLOR)**

Reproduced through the Courtesy of the C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries







# HENRY SCHNAKENBERG

BY ERNEST BRACE

BETWEEN THE TWO poles of romantic sweetness and bitter irony there is an infinite variety of attitudes generally lumped together under the vague heading of realism or naturalism. As a matter of fact naturalistic painting might well be compared in its breadth of manner to realistic dialogue in fiction. If we were to choose any one among contemporary novelists who seemed to us to transcribe ordinary conversation most effectively, we would have only to secure a stenographic or dictaphone record of the same sort of actual conversation to realize how arranged and modified any fictitious creation must necessarily be. And likewise the most realistic painting beside the original scene or a photograph of it merely emphasizes the old line about "a picture no artist could paint"—or, we should add, want to. Of course, in both cases, realism is a method rather than an end, and identical methods employed by different individuals can never achieve the same result. One looks upon reality not only with the mechanical apparatus of vision but also with years of memory and emotion. The measure of value of the simplest landscape lies in the implications of its interpretations rather than in its technical illusions of veracity.

Far more than most contemporary painters Henry Schnakenberg seems content to explore the world of actuality without either bitterness or the blandly blurred vision of a Pangloss. He likes obviously to examine in paint, not any subconscious or superrealistic realm, but the one he sees and knows and likes. People, objects, landscapes, all in their familiar shapes and aspects, need no other interpretation or philosophical justification than their own exciting reality and form to stir his appreciation and interest. His canvases are clear and sharp and precise, but they are not bleak or mechanical. His liking and his evaluation of what he sees are too eager for that. Nowadays when it is so easy to classify painters according to familiar social or esthetic slogans, it is a little startling to come upon one whose interest is so exclusively and unaffectedly confined to the immediate materials of his craft and of his vision. Nor does he in protest narrow his viewpoint to any one more gracious aspect of reality. *Edgewater*, *Vermont Waterfall*, *Columbus Circle*, *Seville* and *Fungi on Log*, all are keenly viewed and skilfully, sharply portrayed. Schnakenberg's interests are unreservedly broad and his technical facility is always adequate to the demands of his thoughtful, acute observation.

Henry E. Schnakenberg was born on Staten Island in New York City in 1892. It was not until after he had been in the insurance business for several years that he decided to make painting a career. In 1913 there took place in New York City an event which was to have tremendous influence upon the history of American art. Certainly the Armory Exhibition had a direct and lifelong effect upon Schnakenberg's career, for it made him definitely decide to become a painter. The canvases in the show which stirred him particularly were not the French importations but those by the younger Americans, and especially Henri, Bellows and Luks. At least they convinced him that painting in America was a possible career. He enrolled in the Art Students League that year and, except

for two years in the army medical corps during the war, he has been painting ever since. At the League he became another of the many contemporary painters who have been deeply influenced and greatly inspired by the teaching of Kenneth Hayes Miller.

Whatever painters have affected the development of Schnakenberg's work, it is difficult to find in his canvases mannerisms or memories that definitely recall them. While his style is not in any way arrogantly individual and avoids idiosyncrasies as carefully as it does blurred uncertainties, it is nonetheless distinctly his own. Most of his pictures are remarkable for their clarity and for their uncompromising approach to the problems of realism. Their forms, their depth, their brilliant precision are achieved, not by quick suggestion or impressionistic tour de force, but by their strict interpretation of every facet of the scene or object under consideration. He admits to having tried at one time, when the roars of the Fauves were still loud and menacing, to do abstractions, but it seems obvious now in looking over the varied panorama of his work that no school or theory could long keep him from the vivid and exciting world his eyes showed him.

Indeed there is a tendency in his choice of subject matter to move closer and closer to nature, to examine in greater detail the events and the anatomy of his landscapes. From the broad, even monumental range of *Earth and Sky*, one comes close to the tree trunks and tall foliage of *Cat and Kittens*. Under the circumstantially sharp plants and blossoms and stalks, a black cat brings a chipmunk for the family dinner, while an almost anatomically precise butterfly hovers overhead. In *Mourning Doves*, a recent canvas acquired last year by the Metropolitan Museum, the observer is deep down in a field of golden grain. The stalks and the grain in the foreground are detailed and of natural size as are the doves fluttering up toward the thin border of sky. Likewise in his expert water colors he frequently makes careful studies of plant life. A more naive painter with such apparent interest and delight in the particular aspects of nature would be likely to face the problems raised in moving farther away from his subject with uncertainty, but there is never any discrepancy between Schnakenberg's accurate vision and his technical skill.

His gaze upon the external world in which he moves, whether it happens to be rural or industrial New England, New York parks or slums, never seems to turn away in boredom or disgust from any of the aspects of contemporary life. It would not be surprising to find that his interest in nature had bred resentment against more mechanized scenes, and yet *Edgewater*, an agglomeration of factories and trains and smoke, is quite as sympathetically exciting as *Earth and Sky*. And the crowded *Harlem River* with its barges and factories evokes a mood as authentic as the distant train moving across a sunny Vermont landscape in *Green Mountain Flyer*. His understanding, turned toward urban existence in *Columbus Circle*, wherein a surface car, a bus, a policeman and a





dejected, obviously down-and-out figure come together at the base of the monument, is turned with equal force to penetrate the secrets of nature in *Fern Crosier*. People, likewise, crowded together on *The Beach*, children coasting in Central Park are as exciting to him as the forms of distant hills or the green intimacy of *Leafy Thicket*. Like so many of his contemporaries, he has become less interested in still life painting with its arbitrary arrangements and its more exclusively esthetic problems. However, though many of his figure paintings are unaffectedly human, they all accept the long established prejudice against literary quality. His people take their natural parts in the scene, whatever it may be, without suggesting any dramatic or even philosophical conclusions. There is, so far as I know, only one painting of his which, solely through its title, suggests a story, and that was painted some years ago. In it a workman carrying his coat and dinner-pail has just climbed to the top of a hill on his way to the factory building in the background. The title of the canvas is *Another Day*, 1914.

At present Schnakenberg is at work on two murals for the postoffice at Amsterdam, New York, both of them historical scenes. He is enthusiastic over the project and quite preoccupied with its problems. In spite of his many crowded and fruitful years of experience in his craft, he is well aware that mural painting demands further experience of quite a

*Left: Henry Schnakenberg's oil, "Conversation," in the collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Below: Schnakenberg's water color of Harlem River in collection of Mrs. Harlan Miller*







*Above: A Vermont landscape by Henry Schnakenberg, "Earth and Sky." Right: Schnakenberg's "Cat and Kittens." Courtesy of the C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries, New York City*

different sort and that it is by no means merely a simple question of the size of a canvas. In his painstaking revision of the sketches for the panels he is patiently insistent upon, not only esthetic arrangement, but also historical detail. He regrets, as many of the most technically expert of his generation do, that the art schools where he studied did not spend more time in teaching anatomy and the mechanical problems of art. But certainly it is significant of Schnakenberg and his work that he is still unwilling, however long and varied his experience, to dodge or to conceal dextrously any problem he may face.

Schnakenberg is almost unique among contemporary painters in his ability to confine naturalism to the narrow course between, on the one hand, romantic mistiness or suavity and, on the other, bitter comment. What he sees is stirring, not as evidence of an idea, but as vision. With his thorough, rigorous craftsmanship he recreates from this visual material the essential values of color and form and scope without feeling any necessity for explanation or sentimental embellishment. Even his water colors, though necessarily less precise than his oils, are not at all impressionistic or vague. His color, while fresh and occasionally even vivid, seems always inherent in the subject he is painting and never a haphazard display or a purely emotional interpretation. In a world which to many painters seems to be falling apart, and which others deliberately tear asunder that they may rearrange it more effectively, Schnakenberg's contentment with natural phenomena is striking. With broad competence and keen vision he has created an ordered, colorful world that always has and must exist for those not too harried to see it.





ART ORIGINATED in the simplest beginnings by people close to the soil. The first esthetic objects were produced by "primitives" who combined a flair for beauty with production for use. When their very life was at stake and it would appear that sheer existence was an all-absorbing interest, amid utter need for food, clothing and shelter, rather than as a "leisure-hour" pursuit, their creative intelligence was displayed both in invention and beauty of form. And in that basic revolution out of which emerged the first sharp distinction between beast and human being, feminine leadership directed the way to the future, according to the weight of anthropological data now available. Students of primitive society incline to the view that women invented the various industrial arts and probably discovered the art of agriculture as well. In harvesting baskets, cooking utensils, spindles and looms, tiny pools for storing fish, bone needles and ornaments made of colored pebbles, garments of feathers and furs and wool, planned economy and its associated esthetics started on their career.

Tradition in American art thus begins in domestic science, we may say. Until women invented cooking, all creatures had gnawed bones and raw flesh like the ancestors of the dog; until women launched the textile industry, all creatures had gone naked like the primates. In their sewing, the Eskimo women used a thread which would fit only our finest needles. Nor have modern spinners and weavers ever been able to manufacture a filament as delicate as that spun in ancient Egypt and woven into sheets. Ascending from their beginnings in prayer and speech into esthetic theory, the twin concepts of beauty and goodness were symbolized in ancient India and elsewhere as Woman—background of the Madonna so beloved of artists to this day. As a rule the first deity was female and the Sun Goddess still commands the hearts and esthetic allegiance of the Japanese.

Once produced, beautiful objects were diffused over the earth largely through trading enterprise or missionary movements. Migration from continent to continent brought the white newcomers to America face to face with the art of the American Indians, a contact which has increasingly enlivened the imagination of the whites. On the early middle border of American civilization, the earlier diffusion of esthetics in European lands had a reincarnation. There in simple wooden cottages, mothers fashioning bed quilts, for wedding gifts especially, often used a Coptic design which some Egyptian woman had created centuries before America was discovered—a design borne by priests or traders from Africa to the British Isles where it captured the affection of housewives on that frontier of civilization and came with them, as memory, to their new homes on the American frontier. So we Americans are in fact closer to the Queen of Sheba and the Lion of Judah than we realize when we think merely of politics and arms. We are related by the art tradition. Or we may trace our association, through art and letters, to ancient Persia—guided with respect to art by the German potters in Pennsylvania and with respect to letters by Emerson.



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Beniamino Bufano: "Dr. Sun Yat-Sen." Stainless steel and polished red granite are combined in this statue honoring the founder of the Chinese Republic. The fourteen-foot figure is in St. Mary's Square in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown. Impressive is the fusion of Italian and Far Eastern traditions which marks the evolution of American tradition



# TRADITIONS IN THE ARTS

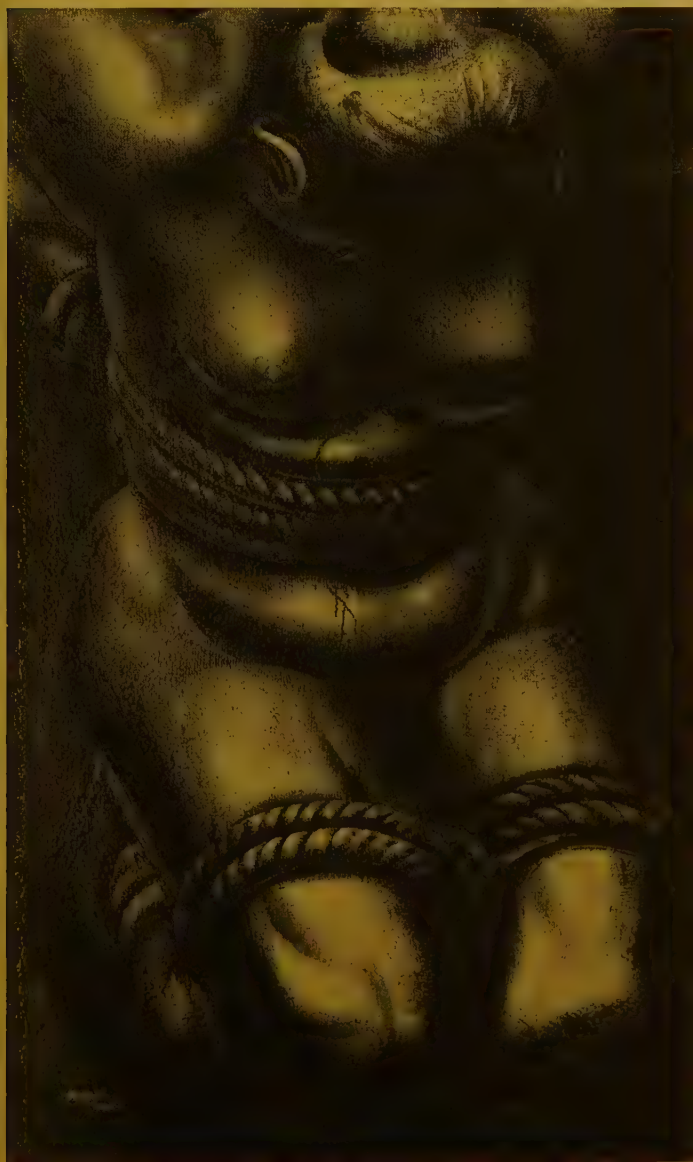
BY MARY R. BEARD

Every civilized people has borrowed art. In technical sequences as well as themes and compositions, the tradition in American art may be followed through the ages from primitive societies to our own. The world's wealth of artistic production is our wealth by inheritance. In part we possess it directly through objects owned in America and imitated by Americans. In part we possess it by travel and study in regions famous for expressions of the human spirit in the form of beauty.

But the diffusion and stimulation of esthetic culture were doomed to end at the water's edge on this side of the Atlantic, in the opinion of certain Europeans of the eighteenth century and certain Americans down to the present. When America undertook the experiment with republicanism and proclaimed her divorce from monarchism, the Frenchman, Comte de Buffon, for instance, really speaking for an aristocracy though ostensibly for science, declared that all culture must

*David Alfaro Siqueiros: "Chinese Proletarian Victim." In the Collection of the late George Gershwin. Americans from south of the Rio Grande contribute to the enrichment of a common culture*

COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



inevitably degenerate in America. Observing with his own eyes the American scene in 1783, de Chastellux was dubious about the destiny of the arts, at least, in the New World and he wrote: "The arts, let us not doubt it, can never flourish, but where there is a great number of men. They must have large cities; they must have capitals." The little American seaports of the time, devoted to commerce, were inadequate, he thought, because "commerce . . . has more magnificence than taste; it pays rather than encourages artists."

Afterwards when America went democratic, several citizens fled from the country to enjoy the rapture of fixed tastes and customs in the Old World. One of these was W. W. Story, sculptor and poet, the son of a distinguished judge of Massachusetts, who settled down in Rome in 1850 with his family, in a colony of Anglo-American expatriates. Their conversation enchanted Story; their idolatry of Shakespeare and Browning, both of whom had leaned so heavily on Italy, gave him infinite delight. According to Isham, Story "dreamed of the great whose ruins were all about him [as Mussolini does today], of Antony and Augustus and Cleopatra, above all, in his closing days, of Cleopatra whom he pictured both in his verse and in his marble."

Later when the machine took possession of industry, more Americans retreated to Europe. As late as 1930, a young writer was still lashing out, like an earlier Henry James, at the failure of America to appreciate taste conceived in established terms. In his *Portrait of the Artist as American*, he condoned Henry James' preference for his "dear little dark corner of Paris" or an English country estate. He insisted that art was "suffering a fatal obliteration" in America; that genius was compelled to flee to an older civilization where "at least a quantum of liberty was still to be enjoyed or even to regions of primitive culture where liberty was embraced to the exclusion of all other advantages." As romantic as Rousseau in his assumption of man's perfection in a state of nature, this young critic of American taste practiced what he preached and sailed away with other dissidents to consort with Futurists, Cubists, Dadaists, Surrealists and the rest of the sects evolved by the disillusioned, frightened, angry post-World-War generation. This flight away from home was a factor in transplanting such artistic dissidence to America in its turn, as the emigrés came flocking back for one reason or another, bringing the new art with them.

Reviewing attitudes toward art in America, briefly, we find that esthetics was deemed in the eighteenth century incompatible with virgin soil, republicanism and commerce and best conditioned by a patriciate of seasoned culture; in the nineteenth century it was considered inconsistent with democracy; in the early twentieth century it was thought to be annihilated by a machine economy nurturing a plutocracy.

HOWEVER, ALL such judgments of genius and art represented a misunderstanding of genius and art. They failed to take into





COURTESY WPA FEDERAL ART PROJECT

Above: Crewel embroidered Chair Seat made by Anne Bradstreet in seventeenth-century England. Reproduced for the *Index of American Design* by Suzanne E. Chapman. Below: Pie Plate in sgraffito pottery, Pennsylvania German, c. 1810. In the Collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art



account the primordials of energy and spirit. Their limitations were those of particularism and desire, such as Spengler recently voiced when he declared that civilizations and races die of old age like individuals, whereas it was simply his own feudal class that was fading out. Mannheim in his penetrating discussion of *Ideology and Utopia* is nearer historic truth when he contends that the sources of judgment lie outside the thing judged "in the very different expectations, purposes and impulses arising out of experience." For history shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that the play of new economic hopes, new social opportunities, challenges and fresh philosophies of life and labor invigorate civilizations and regenerate races, the Renaissance being a case in point. In fact neither the Atlantic nor the Pacific has separated America from Orient or Occident. Nor has the zest for creative expression died out of the New World.

On the repetitive side, the continuity of the religious art tradition is evidenced in the Catholic cathedrals, the Buddhist temples, the Hebrew synagogues and the Protestant churches which dot our landscape. But Hellenism has also driven wave after wave of its culture to break on our shores as along the Mediterranean and the eastern coasts of the At-





Top of page: "Blue Eagle" Mantle (detail) from Peru. In the Collection of the Brooklyn Museum. Above left: Birth and Baptismal Certificate, c. 1838. Pennsylvania German Fraktur-Schriften. In the Collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Right: "Saint upon a Tablet." New Mexican Santos painted by an unknown itinerant of the eighteenth century. Reproduced by Maude Valle for the WPA Federal Art Project's Index of American Design. Peru, New Mexico, Germany—three streams slowly merging to form an American tradition



lantic. Thus "archaeological architecture" flaunts its miles and miles of columns in our national capital. And even honest old Abe, the rail-splitter, who once lived like a genuine mortal in the White House, has been made to pose, against his will I should say, as a shining Apollo or a divine Zeus in the mystic light of a Greek temple not far from that abode. But in extenuation of the posed Lincoln, it may be claimed of course that Goethe deliberately and painfully tried to be a second Homer in that strange period when Greece tyrannized over Germany. Midway across the continent, Byzantium and the esthetics of the American Indians are blended and celebrated in the Joyce Memorial at Omaha.

The military art tradition, moreover, thrives in the United States. Like the ever-burning flame of the Vestal Virgins, the military tradition keeps renewing itself in the holocausts of war. Equestrians and war memorials greet our eyes wherever we turn. The iron veterans of the Civil War, mass-produced, are deemed indispensables of tiny New England village greens. Thus "the mailed fist upon the event," as Lura Beam so graphically defines military art, continues to be an art event in America.

Yet it has its historic, eternal competitor in feminine affirmation, notably in the work of Georgia O'Keeffe whose skull and flowers over the mesas, for example, "say without words," to quote Lura Beam again, "that over and beyond the death wish, life still comes out of death."

As E. M. Benson demonstrates so brilliantly in his study of portraiture, America also shares the world's and the ages' experience with image-making. The fostering of ancestor

worship by the D. A. R., S. A. R. and D. S. C. helps to perpetuate the portrait tradition in America. While all its historic forms from death masks to pictures of living magnates are still favored, portraitists are turning more and more to genre painting and sculpture, renewing thought about life at its source. In this confronting of the common life, a vast documentary record is being built up of labor events and economic leadership.

THE SETTING for great art in America is, in many respects, that of ancient civilizations. There is, for instance, a highly polyglot population such as the Egyptians and Persians had and out of which sprang their immortal artistic creations. Nor does our democracy in the modern age propose to poison the mingling of cultural streams. In the roll call of acknowledged American artists the racial roll call of Europe may be discerned. Some of our outstanding artists are of Oriental lineage. Latin-American taste and art forms have rooted themselves in our Southwest. From Mexico a revived medieval tradition of communal art crosses the border with Sequeros and his colleagues; they may use cement and the modern blow torch as they do, for their murals, but their inspiration stems from old Italian mosaics cooperatively produced. Africa, too, seeps into American esthetics both as Negro taste and as the sensitivity of white artists to some of the timeless universals of life. Benton is peculiarly aware of this identity.

In older civilizations, statecraft regularly encouraged art. George Washington pondered on this relation between politics and culture and in his private papers expressed his deep



Robert Feke: "Isaac Royall Family Group," c. 1741. Collection Harvard Law School. New England portraiture at a high level





Chuzo Tamotzu: "House in the Meadow." In a private collection. A Japanese-American brings his heritage of craftsmanship to western painting

regret that Hamilton had persuaded him to omit from his farewell to arms his conviction that the federal government of the republic should promote not only agriculture, industry and commerce but also education, literature and the arts. John Quincy Adams, of the Federalist North, held the same views when he was head of the State and indeed none of the early presidents of our republic would have regarded federal patronage of the arts as sheer boondoggling. In their minds, statecraft was appropriately an agency of culture.

Statecraft as practice in the promotion of esthetics comes late in our political history, however—not until the New Deal. Had it come earlier, aristocratic sterility might have frozen itself as culture in America. Coming late, it builds upon democratic criticism and custom such as led Emerson and Whitman to caution their countrymen about carrying or adding ruins to ruins, such as led Stieglitz and his disciples to clamor for liberty in all things. Under contemporary, realized statecraft in America, two important things are happening in art.

One is the preparation of the Federal Art Project's Index of American Design now under way in more than forty states. When this is complete, this democracy will have its own testa-

ment of taste and its background covering three centuries. The other is the promotion of creative expression by old and young, rich and poor, in town and country.

Art thus reaches a new historic level in America by means of democratic statecraft. If democracy has weakness and brutality, art will help to reveal them. If democracy has substance for praise, art will help to hymn it. If there is joy in America, it will burst into rhythm displayed in things made with the hands.

"There is no wealth but life," Ruskin exclaimed and reiterated on the English frontier of the nineteenth century in its era of rawest greed for money. Artists by the thousands echo his cry today in America and imbed it on canvas, in stone and bronze and marble, in letters, in music and in the theatre. Agony and dream. Fear and faith. From these emotions, art flowered in the beginning. In the conflicts stimulated by these emotions, taste still seeks the power of effective expression. A society devoid of that impulsion would be dead indeed. The vitality now manifest in American art, capping all art traditions, testifies to the vitality of American society and augurs well for a more esthetic culture in America as the years fly.





EL GRECO: "ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN" LAST KNOWN TO BE IN THE PAROCHIAL MUSEUM OF SAN VINCENTE, TOLEDO, SPAIN. DETAILS OF THIS PAINTING ARE REPRODUCED ENLARGED, ON PAGES 334 AND 335



# EL GRECO: PAGES FROM A PAINTER'S NOTEBOOK

BY LOIS WILCOX

AFTER ALL that has been written of El Greco it is surprising that there are aspects of his work that seem to demand further comment. Perhaps it is equally surprising that with the tragedy of Spain in mind it is possible to write of him at all now. Only a stubborn faith that his works have been saved makes thinking of them endurable.

Many, many years of anticipation were fulfilled when I walked into the Prado only a few weeks before the civil war broke out. Loitering down the long central gallery, after the blinding brightness of the summer sun I accustomed my eyes slowly to the changed light. I was about to see an entire room full of Grecos. What would the sensation be? Sometimes, knowing the photographs, qualities are expected that the originals do not possess. This had been my experience on first seeing the landscape at the Metropolitan Museum. The *View of Toledo* had been just a little disappointing. The guard indicated a room at the left. I kept my eyes on the floor as I walked into it, then turned about and looked up—at the great *Baptism of Christ*.

At once there was the glorious sensation that here truly was something that not all the photographs, nor all the books, nor the small version of the same subject in Rome had prepared me for.

The first sensation was one of overwhelming loveliness, a banal statement of a most poignant feeling. Inanely I kept murmuring to myself, "the loveliness of Greece, the loveliness of Greece." I cannot explain this spontaneous idea except that the light that plays over Greek marbles is here. I remember as a youngster seeing a Greek original for the first time after years of Roman copies and casts, and the surprise of its radiant aliveness. The *Baptism* held my attention longer than any picture I ever looked at. The eye constantly explored new-found subtleties. A man in a dark coat stood in front of the picture. By contrast the dark shadow of the rock on which the Christ kneels was seen to be filled with the same pale, golden light that suffuses all the tones. Herr Meier-Graefe in *The Spanish Journey* calls Greco's color cold, though "un froid qui naît du chaud." How varied human perception is! This sunlit-silver tonality was not one bit cold to me. The *Baptism* presents such passionate intensity of tonal variation within its restricted key that I could not feel it as cold even if the tonality were less filled with fresh, golden air. There is about every inch of it a constant sensibility taut with every brushstroke. It brought the music of Bach to mind. Such analogies are dangerous, often merely sentimental. But there seems to be here a real parallel in the living freshness of the color nuance, an aliveness not only of chromatic progressions, but in the constant motion of the woven forms, and in the logic of their relationships, which is one with the sense of the most profound emotion.

I made these notes before the *Baptism*: The light and air in the darks, in other words the exact rightness of the colors that build them, unite them most subtly with the brighter areas. God the Father is in a brighter white than the dove,

and both whites are cooler than the light in the clouds. In the lemon-gold sky-notes about the dove are notes of clear sky-blue going to pearl-gray, which give precise relief to the flesh tones. What consideration before each touch! What sure freedom! The heads of the angels below the dove are of an especially ethereal whiteness, lighter than the body of Christ or His drapery. The angel's arms that hold the rose-red drapery above the Christ are miraculous notes in light and shade. It is as though El Greco achieves, as it were, a most convincing imaginative plein-airism.

Struck by the sense of conviction in these heavenly beings emerging from celestial cloud-wrack I went cloud-questioning about the Prado. There were lots of handsome, heavy Italian models posing securely on lumps of rather soiled wool. They were very irritating. In the gallery right next to Greco's the familiar *Coronation of the Virgin* by Velasquez was a lifeless vacuity, not even handsome like the Italians. But all the pictures seemed to have been painted by men who were only half awake after the keenness of the Greek. It was as though they were drugged with the heat and perfume of a Renaissance palace, and one had to return to the Greco room to breathe.

One of the things that is striking in the study of the master is his variety. His highly personal handwriting is but the instrument of a mind that never repeated itself. What I have called his imaginative plein-airism does not appear in the *Resurrection*, the Resurrection of the white body of Faith and Charity out of "titanic glooms of chasmed fear." This is hell, and the clear air of heaven is replaced by the fumes of agony. But the tones are no less plastic. How I wish that a work comparable to A. P. Laurie's *Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School* could be undertaken about El Greco. Because it seems to me that in such works as the *Adoration of the Shepherds* at the Metropolitan and the *Agony in the Garden* at the National Gallery, London, there is just this lack of unity in projection and recession that is one of the marks of authenticity. There is an *Adoration* belonging to the King of Roumania recently shown in London that has, even in a reproduction, the authoritative Greco look. It may be the original of the Metropolitan version.

Anyone who has ever worked as a mural painter's assistant knows how easy it is to imitate the superficial character of another's touch. Disentangling the master's from the assistant's work is necessary for us because in order to strive for greatness it is necessary to understand what it is. I have at hand the reproduction of a photograph of *The Penitent Magdalene*, said to be by El Greco, acquired for the Nelson Gallery, Kansas City. The odd cloud-form above the head is almost exactly like the cloud in the *St. Louis of France* reproduced in Frank Rutter's book on El Greco (New York, 1930. Plate xlv). The vine appears in another work, and the bottle is in a composition of *Two Boys with a Candle*, of which I have another reproduction. The vulgar undulation of the hair draped over the chest is the original contribution of the concocter. Never once is there the slightest suggestion of this



treatment of hair in the work of Domenicos Theotocopoulos. As for the boneless flesh!

There was nothing at the Prado but El Greco for me. I argued that this amounted to infatuation, that I was surprised out of my normal catholicity, surprised because I had half expected to be let down. Titian had let me down a bit in Italy. I felt I must study all the great works in the Prado. But it was useless, so after a week I went to Toledo.

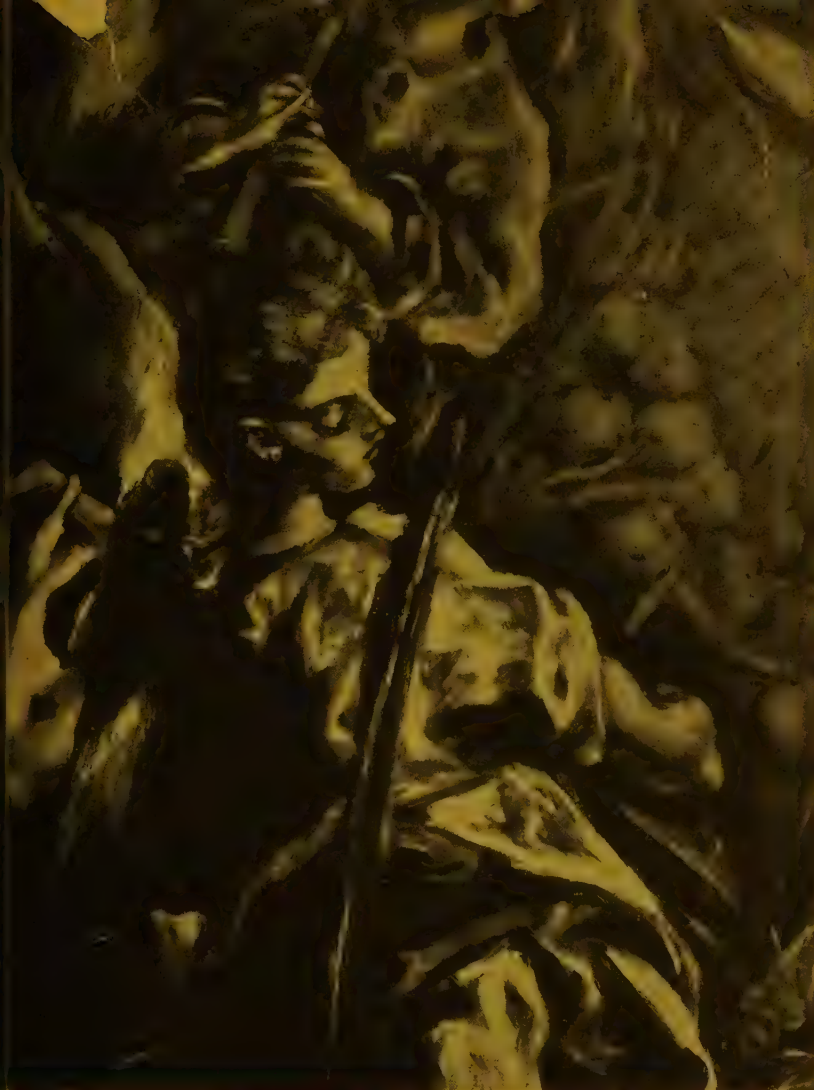
It was a day of wide gray clouds that swept upward, seemingly very near the silvery roofs. That evening there was no rose-color in the setting sun, but lemon-gold darts of light struck through the torn edges of the clouds. Something like this had been the inspiration for the *Baptism* clouds. The encircling hills plunged to a steel-blue horizon, and I was reminded of Roger Fry's definition in *Vision and Design* of the Baroque rhythm,—“the utmost possible enlargement of the unit of design.” Here the master from Crete was to see the tempo of the dying Renaissance restated by Nature.

The *Trinity* of the Prado prepares one for the Italian nature of the early pictures at Toledo. There is suddenly a far greater command in *El Espolio*, but nothing prepares one for the *Burial of Count Orgaz*. It seems to have been painted by a being made up of Hubert van Eyck, Rubens, Rembrandt and Cézanne, a being as tender and pure as Angelico, though cloistered in Greece, not Italy. But for all this idolatry I want to place the *Orgaz* as being painted earlier than the *Martyrdom of Saint Maurice*. It is the flat decorative cloud that seem earlier than those in the *Martyrdom*. And though the values are less three dimensional, it seemed to me. The blacks in the foreground are quite the same as those behind the ministering saints, or appeared so in the dim light of Santo Tomé. The sharp lower edge of the clouds is difficult to place in depth. It seemed in front of the men and directly above the saints with their burden. Nor are the clouds ambient, but quite solid, and the nude saint is astride one like a great fish. All of which sounds rather awful but isn't at all; is, on the



ON THIS AND THE FACING PAGE  
ARE REPRODUCED ENLARGED DE-  
TAILS OF “ASSUMPTION OF THE  
VIRGIN” BY EL GRECO, REPRO-  
DUCED AS A WHOLE ON PAGE 332





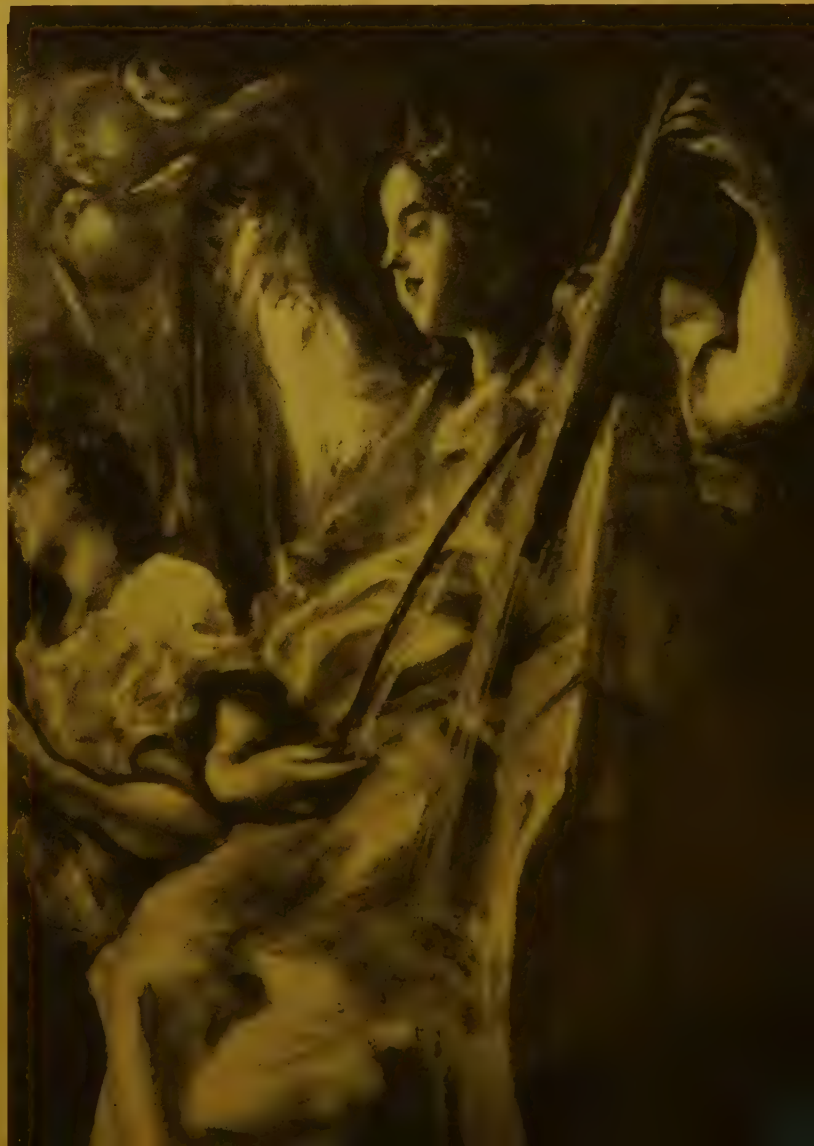
flexibilities of the body, with the dual motion of upspringing energy and substantial grounding of the weights. The sort of thing that makes the worshipper of Greco rage is attributing to him the picture called *Jesus in the House of Simon*, reproduced in Frank Rutter's book (Plate lxxxiii). The large figure on the right is bouncing, like a child crying "Goody, goody!" and this man's leg is in exact symmetry with his neighbor's, forming a stupid triangle of table-cloth evenly divided by a neat zigzag of light. The dullness of the painted architecture has no relation to any picture of Greco's. We must not malign a great name, nor the young people whom we are called upon to teach, by holding up this sort of thing as the work of any master, much less a great one. The trouble is that we have no real standards in painting. There are terrible things passing as Rembrandts at the Metropolitan. Music is more fortunate. No emotional incompetent would be booked by a concert manager. The public at large has some measure of sophistication about piano playing. But in painting even our great museums will "book" almost anything.

Greco is complex enough without confusing ourselves with poor imitations. One thing should be certain. A man with his creative variety did not stoop to the many repetitions of the same composition that exist. The variety of his creative imagination seems to grow with the years. Consider the three works of the last period here reproduced. The dainty, almost miniature painting of *St. Joseph and the Boy Jesus* is a bit of Baroque lyric poetry, and as tenderly human as anything Rembrandt ever painted. In extreme contrast the *Santo Domingo* is as ghastly as a living skull, only the painting of the hand has anything in common with the *St. Joseph*. No

contrary, most beautifully right for this fanciful, spiritualized decoration.

The *St. Maurice Martyrdom* at the Escorial has a vastly greater depth by values. Of course both the *Espolio* and the *Orgaz* compositions are in the Byzantine tradition, and depth might have been considered an anachronism, and the Renaissance type of composition of the *Martyrdom* might have been executed between these two. The dating is a provocative matter, because one wishes so much to follow the unfolding of this mind at work. In the *Martyrdom* the color of the flesh of the main figures is wonderfully seen against the storm-blue of the lower cloud stratum. This appears to me as the result of direct observation of nature's truths, in contrast to the colored drawing approach of the Italian Renaissance. That the observed truth is translated by the personal idiom does not make the presence of it less vivid. It is the nature of the painting language that this translation must always be made. It is both the degree of sensitivity to the truth and the distinction of the idiom that makes greatness. The possession of this kind of sensitivity is what makes Constable greater than Turner, puts color above mere dramatic coloration. But since human perception is the instrument for measuring the values of painting there will always be dissension about it.

When, for the need we have of understanding the qualities of greatness, the task of disentangling the real Greco from his imitators is undertaken, the nature of his distortion must be analyzed. His distortion is esthetic exaggeration, not frenzied dismemberment; an exaggeration of the true structure and







EL GRECO: "SANTO DOMINGO." LIKE THE ASSUMPTION REPRODUCED ON PRECEDING PAGES, THIS PICTURE WAS IN THE PAROCHIAL MUSEUM OF SAN VINCENTE, TOLEDO, SPAIN, WHEN LAST SEEN. WHAT DISPOSITION THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF GENERAL FRANCO HAS MADE OF ITS ARTISTIC TREASURES IS NOT DEFINITELY ASCERTAINABLE

sensuous appeal of color relieves the sombre meditation. The tragic sky weighs down the bowed shoulders. It is the complete expression of medieval Christianity in Spain, a being utterly without hope.

Each time that I entered San Vincente the great *Assumption of the Virgin* proclaimed itself the most transcendent of all the works of El Greco. It was badly in need of cleaning. Black varnish has darkened in spots, and has run down in streaks. In spite of this the color sings with that powerful effect of

the conscious, controlled sensibility keenly alive through every inch. The myriad voices are orchestrated with Hellenic calm in spite of the surging motion which exists within the frame, like a metope of the Parthenon vastly elaborated, seeming at the same time to include all space. What a gesture of mastery is the great wing that projects directly at us yet keeps its place upon the surface. How Hellenic the lovely, lovely feet! They hang above that ominous land, that doomed land of Toledo, as a tragic prophecy.



"Drawing" by  
Alfredo Zalce



# MEXICO'S YOUNGER GENERATION

BY CARLOS MERIDA

IN TWO RECENT Chicago shows the L. E. A. R. (League of Revolutionary Artists of Mexico) presented the most prominent and most militant of its younger men. Drawings, tempera and water colors were at the Gallery of the Artists' Union. Prints could be seen at the Chicago Graphic Group. These are the young painters who push on today the evolution of Mexican art which was begun, twenty years ago, by that group whom we now think of as creators of a new plastic form. These young artists have known how to use the painful gains of the older men. And they have brought Mexican art to its third stage, to the stage of intermediate maturity.

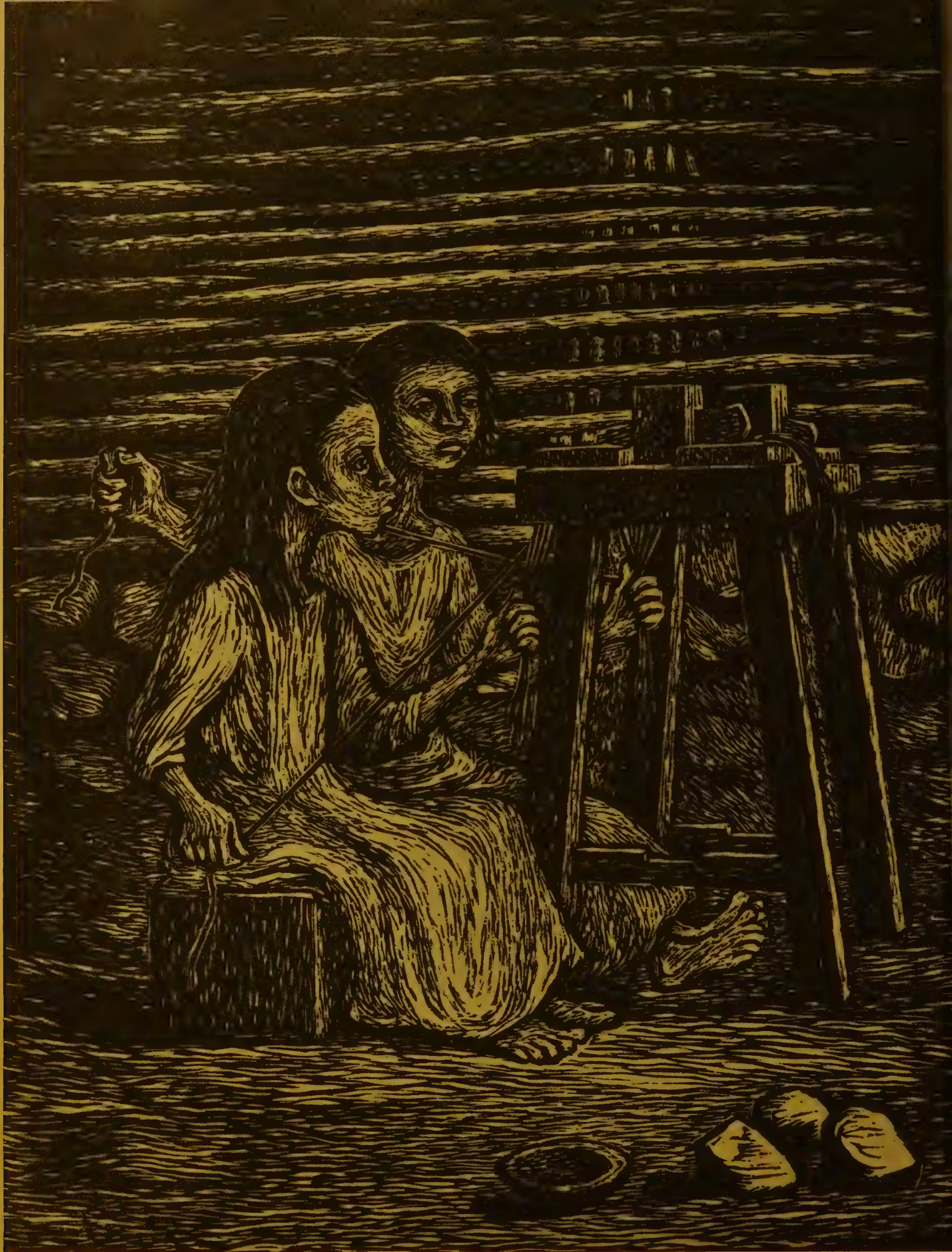
The growth of Mexican painting has been the natural growth of art based on the tradition and sentiment of a people. First came the inspirations of folk-lore and landscape, of the people's outward life and all the torment of social betterment. This was the purely external stage. Later the start of mural painting, helped by the government, marked another phase.

Here we had to deal with construction, with the plastic problems of all esthetic language. Set in the buildings of Mexico are examples of this period in its passionate strength: the murals of Chapingo, of the Secretariat of Education, of the National Preparatory School.

Still, younger artists could not accept the new art as it then was. It showed over-eloquent forms which did not fulfil a plastic necessity. And from this happy moment of discontent they pushed on to the real work of Mexican artists, to make an esthetic and plastic expression for the soul of a people. This is not to say that the problems are solved. The younger painters know the difficulties just as we older ones do. But the vitality of an art lies in this continuity, together with variety of expression.

Regard the wood-engravings of Leopoldo Mendez in this





*"Woodcut" by Leopold Mendez*





"Woodcut" by Gonzalo Paz Perez

exhibition. We are before a passionate art, an art full of cries, anger and rebellion, an expression in the noblest forms of a people oppressed. Mendez knows his craft well. In black and white he creates small plastic monuments of inflexible dignity. In him the Mexican tradition shows itself again. We feel the same breath of anguish and revolt as that which animated the great Posada.

In contrast to Mendez are the paintings of Alfredo Zalce. His emotions flow into other channels. Zalce has learned to penetrate the popular soul of Mexico, not to play banal variations for the tourist but to realise—recreated, animated, transformed—the atmosphere of folk poetry. His works have delicately lyric qualities, but their characteristic waving line maintains a rhythmic tension, without concessions. His compositions are well placed, their unity logically conceived. In this exhibition we can admire Zalce's water colors of the tropics, his drawings and his lithographs, each of which reaffirms the quality of which I speak.

The work of Mexican artists is equally vital when the symbols which they use differ most widely. Raoul Anguiano, among the youngest, is an example of this. There is the same passion, the same lyric force, the same drama alive in his small works as in the great murals of the fresco painters. Nevertheless the mode of expression is different. Anguiano handles themes common to all: but they become, as it were, far away memories of their common source. One might well

think that this was a new kind of Surrealism. Yet after all what artist, what authentically creative one is not an authentic Surrealist too? Where there is creation there is transformation of the material thing, which implies the artist's movement into human fantasy. This is no transcendental game. It has passion, lyricism and pain: the essence of daily living. Anguiano gives back to the world in concrete forms its unformed wish for the sublime.

There are other artists not of less significance than these. Carlos Orozco Romero is a painter of material quality, incisive, yet full of spiritual conflict. In Gonzalo Paz Perez we have a wood engraver of merit and a painter who evokes a strong sense of the land, from which he comes. José Chavez Morado is an engraver too. His mastery of contrast can be seen in this lovely group of woodcuts, made in the tropics of Mexico. Of all, Isodoro Ocampo is the most confusing, without clear sources or direction. But he is intimate, bitter and dramatic as the life of Mexico itself.

The work of these young men, of such diverse character, gives our art the polytonality which I have mentioned before. In this new phase the revolutionary theme is the vehicle. We hope that through it will be realized an art of lasting value and yet immediate utility, disinterested and yet full of feeling and passion. Mendez, Anguiano, Zalce, Orozco Romero, Pujol (now in the Spanish Loyalist trenches), Ocampo, O'Higgins, Paz Perez are for us the eyes that see the future.





*SPOON-NETS used by fishermen on Lake Patzcuaro, Mexico, give Fritz Henle material for a striking but none the less peaceful photographic composition. The scene is picturesque only in the sense that, unsentimentally observed and competently photographed, it makes an unusually good picture*



# PEOPLE IN MEXICO

SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ HENLE

*The photographs by Fritz Henle presented this month were made to please Henle and not to fill an order. In this respect they are like the pictures published in his book, That is Japan. For his material Henle went to Mexico this time to make a survey of its land and its people. His purpose was the same and his photographs are of the same remarkable quality—if not even better. His thorough training, followed by constantly widening experience, gives him the insight and the needed technical means of expression. Best of all, Henle avoids the "artistic" in his work—and that is one of the surest ways to give it the authenticity of art. The American Federation of Arts is circulating an exhibition of Henle's Mexican photographs this coming season. Full information is given in the exhibition handbook published on May 15. The prints will be enlarged and mounted on uniform mats. From twenty-five to thirty prints will be included, covering a wider range of subject than is possible in one Portfolio.*

*WOMEN of Tehuantepec are known for their fine carriage. Here they walk proudly, carrying corn and fruit in shallow baskets on their heads. The picture is obviously a frieze-like arrangement seems to have been created for Fritz Henle*







*DANCE of the Christians battling the Moors, a ceremony which precedes the flying pole dance at Papanila. The Indians incorporate vestiges of Spanish folk ways in their own ceremonials. Henle makes a vivid picture of it*



*PART of Mexico's heritage from old Spain is the bull-fight. The season at Mexico City rivals any in the world. Henle catches, in this photograph, the tense moment when the horse and rider are about to draw the bull's first blood*



TODAY Indians weave the multi-colored crests on their head-dress from strips of paper instead of the brilliant macaw feathers their forebears used. This dancer is taking part in the Quetzal ceremony which sometimes precedes the flying pole dance at Papantla. Fritz Henle has caught the scene's colorful motion



*OFTEN these Indian boys are remarkably skillful with their sling-shots, being able to hit a bird on the wing. But probably Henle was less interested in the boy's skill than in using his own in making this character-revealing portrait*



遠居何處索畫回  
分付寒蟾伴老梅  
半窗烟消香窗冷  
墨痕留影上窗來

"A BREATH OF SPRING." PAINTING OF A FLOWERING PLUM BRANCH, INK ON PAPER, CHINESE, YUAN DYNASTY (XIV CENTURY)

# ANALOGIES TO MUSIC I

ALTHOUGH TERMS such as "harmony" and "musical line" commonly occur in the discussion of western art, the illustrative character of European painting has generally obscured the fundamental formal characteristics which unite that art with music. It is only since the end of the nineteenth century that analogies to music in western art have been stressed. It was then that Whistler went so far as to give to his paintings titles of musical forms such as "nocturne" and "symphony." But in the far east, painting, consciously or unconsciously, has for centuries relied upon elements which express qualities inherent in western music.

In music it is the individual note or chord that establishes the basis of all forms. In far eastern painting the same function is assumed by the individual brush stroke. Unlike the

western stroke, which is often fused with other strokes or consciously disguised, the oriental brush stroke is definite and isolated. The Chinese or Japanese critic obtains a peculiar esthetic pleasure from the examination of these brush strokes. He appreciates not only the stroke itself, its strength, shading and organic vitality, but also the relationship of stroke to stroke—the position, the spacing, the rhythm—relationships which again are parallel to those in musical composition.

The importance of the brush stroke was set forth by Hsieh Ho as early as the sixth century in his *Six Principles of Painting*, but its dominant position and esthetic significance did not become insistent until the Sung dynasty (960-1279). It was not, however, until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that the emphasis placed upon the brush stroke became over-



"THE BURNING OF THE SANJO PALACE." WATER COLOR ON PAPER, JAPANESE, FIRST HALF OF XIII CENTURY, ONCE ATTRIBUTED TO FUJIWARA NO KAKIYAKI. THE RIGHT ABOVE, DRAWS TO AN END AT THE LEFT BELOW. SUCH A COMPOSITION IS MUSICAL NOT SO MUCH IN THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE PARTS AS IN THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE PARTS TO THE WHOLE.







一氣為其主品四維  
 仙姑妙矣巧偷先  
 服特地來  
 用同河之韻語題

COLLECTION OF THE FREER GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON

J-LEI. THE WHOLE SYMPHONIC ATTITUDE IS BETRAYED IN THE CRESCENDOS AND DIMINUENDOS OF THE ARTIST'S BRUSH

# FAR EASTERN PAINTING

BY J. LEROY DAVIDSON

whelming. Instead of being considered as one of a complex of factors that build up a pictorial composition, the brush stroke became an end in itself. It was this new concept of brushwork that for centuries led to a perpetuation of standardized themes, and finally to the stultification of the creative faculty. But over five hundred years had elapsed after the codification of the pictorial formulae before far eastern painting degenerated into mere virtuosity.

One of the most interesting problems in far eastern painting results from this persistence of codified formulae which diminished in artistic quality only slightly over a period of centuries, a phenomenon never experienced in the west. The question to be answered is: how, despite the lack of vital innovation, did paintings of artistic excellence continue to be created for

so long a time in the far east? The usual answer to this question is that the tradition was so fundamentally sound and ingrained that it retarded the development of Chinese art and at the same time militated against any degeneration. We know, however, that in the west, great traditions were quickly destroyed by a surfeit of copyists, and there is no reason to believe that, under the same conditions, a similar dénouement might not have been in store for Chinese painting, no matter how rooted its traditions.

It is necessary only to recall the rapid eclipse of the schools of Raphael, Rubens and Monet to see the deterioration in the west of great styles prolonged by imitative painters. There



COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

LIKE MANY OTHER JAPANESE SCROLL PAINTINGS THIS FAMOUS EXAMPLE HAS A NARRATIVE. THE ACTION BEGINS AT BRUSH STROKES, SHARED WITH ALL EASTERN PAINTING, BUT IN ITS SIMILARITY TO WESTERN SYMPHONIC FORM







COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

CHINESE LANDSCAPE. X CENTURY. ATTRIBUTED TO LI CH'ENG. THIS PAINTING SHOWS US THE RESTRAINED LINE OF THE EARLY SUNG DYNASTY IN COMBINATION WITH A TYPICAL COMPOSITION OF THE TIME

was something in the east, however, that prevented this rise of successively short-lived schools and styles. The key apparently lies in the musical conception of the brush stroke which encouraged within the artist an entirely different attitude toward his traditions. The great masters of the occident have always been innovators who brought to their plastic heritage a new vision reflected in original compositions embodying technical inventions and subjective reactions. In China, even the greatest artists rarely evolved radically new compositions. The Chinese painter was a performer rather than a composer. Playing upon his instrument he interpreted the grand compositions of the earlier masters, interpreted them, it is true, in terms of his own period, but the themes were the same: the mountain-river landscape, the bamboo spray, the bird and flower compositions, dragon and insect scrolls.

A typical Chinese theme, which was also adopted by the Japanese, is the landscape composed of several layers of mountains separated from each other in space by water and clouds of mist, and set off from the spectator by trees and rocks that serve as *répoussoirs*. For centuries this composition was preserved in copies, imitations and adaptations. Minor variations in the treatment of space and in the approach to nature appear in different schools and in different periods, but the old forms continue alongside the new which still conform to the traditional compositions. No matter how creative or how traditional the composition from Sung times to the nineteenth century, the brush stroke remains a constantly evolving feature. The simple, restrained line of early Sung painting gradually changes and becomes more agitated in the hands of the Zen artists at the end of the period and during the succeeding Yuan dynasty (1260-1368). The Ming painters carried on the technic of bold brushwork, especially visible in the Literary Man's School, which flourished from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Interpreted in musical terms, the transition leads from the clarity of Bach to the complexities of Wagner.

It was only when the brush stroke became the predominant element in the picture, that is, when it served chiefly to give an esthetic satisfaction comparable to that of music, that Chinese painting entered into the slow development which is usually associated with this art. For from Han times to the beginning of the Sung dynasty, Chinese painting had evolved at a rate comparable to that of western painting. Then, when the artist ceased to seek new literary themes and formal compositions, when the creative inspiration was turned exclusively toward the technical and musical qualities of the brush stroke—then it was that far eastern painting reached an impasse.

By the end of the eighteenth century the constant repetition of academic themes left nothing to enliven the picture but the orchestrations of the brush strokes. Finally reduced by its own eminence to a tour de force, the brush stroke, unable to find new melodies to interpret, degenerated into sheer virtuosity. In Japan, the virile art of Ukiyo-e temporarily offered new subjects to the painter, but in China the artist was left to choose either the Scylla of academic sterility or the Charybdis of calligraphic virtuosity and, between these monsters, languished.



LANDSCAPE. MING DYNASTY. BY WU I-HSIEN.  
A PAINTING IN WHICH THE TRADITIONAL COM-  
POSITION IS OVERSHADOWED BY THE INTEREST  
IN A VIRTUOSO TREATMENT OF BRUSH STROKES

COLLECTION OF THE STAATLICHE MUSEUM, BERLIN



Another phase of far eastern painting which has close relationships to western music is the composition of the horizontal scroll painting which is known by the Japanese term, *maki-mono*. Basic in this type, as in all far eastern painting, is the harmonious interrelationship of brush strokes, but beyond the concern with strokes is the interest in composition. Single paintings, sometimes as long as fifty feet, were intended to be unrolled slowly, only a small portion to be seen at one time. Any section of these continuous compositions could form an individual picture, so perfectly is the narrative controlled, but the whole painting, viewed over a period of time, has a composition that is symphonic rather than pictorial, temporal rather than static. To enjoy the painting to its utmost, it is necessary not only to follow the play of the individual strokes, but to remember each passage in its temporal sequence, just as in a symphony the listener recollects themes and anticipates variations. Thus in these paintings, whether they be landscapes, dragon scrolls, narratives or bird and flower arrangements, the theme is set, variations are called forth, and the

whole symphonic attitude is betrayed by the crescendos and diminuendos of the artist's brush. Frequently such a common orchestral motive as the deceptive cadence is employed.

In the famous Japanese painting, *Burning of the Sanjo Palace* (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston), the tumultuous scene of nobles rushing on foot, in carriage and on horse, is followed by a crescendo of flames. The people fleeing the blaze are gradually coördinated into a quiet rhythm which slowly fades and then is arrested, at the end of the scroll, by a horseman reining back his mount. Once more the measure is held, caught momentarily until it tapers off the bow held by the foot soldier who stands in front of the horseman. Such a composition is musical, not so much in the fundamental relationship of brush strokes (which it shares with all far eastern painting), but in its similarity to western musical compositions. To appreciate fully such a scroll, the westerner should look beyond those pictorial phases to which he is accustomed, and seek to understand the two elements in oriental painting that he knows in a different guise in western music.



# FACTS FROM THE FINE ART

FISKE KIMBALL'S letter about the Jefferson Memorial printed in the May number of the MAGAZINE has drawn considerable fire. Those who have followed the course of the Jefferson Memorial controversy since it flared into the open in March, 1937, have been struck by the constant confusion of issues, the concealment of pertinent facts and the blanketing silence of officialdom. On April 6, 1938, the Commission of Fine Arts made a statement to the press which broke its long silence and, to mix a metaphor, shed considerable light on the procedure of the Jefferson Memorial Commission. Quick to voice the sentiments of the latter body was Dr. Kimball, first in a letter to the *New York Times*, subsequently (and more fully) in his letter to this MAGAZINE.

No less quick to answer Dr. Kimball were Frank Lloyd Wright and Joseph Hudnut, Dean of Harvard's Graduate

had approved the site and the plans for a building, and released the story to the press. Accompanying it were illustrations of Mr. Pope's design, the first version of the Pantheon.

This procedure seemed out of order, to say the least, to members of the Fine Arts Commission. For, while the Chairman, Mr. Charles Moore, attended meetings of the Jefferson Memorial Commission, he could not and did not act for that body. He did not report on this matter to his commission at meetings prior to March 20, 1937, because he fully expected that the plans would be submitted formally.

On that same day the Commission of Fine Arts and the National Capital Park and Planning Commission met together to consider the Jefferson Memorial. The late John Russell Pope, designer of the proposed Pantheon, was present at the meeting; so was the late Hollins N. Randolph, represent-

*Left to right: Fiske Kimball, Director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, member of the Jefferson Memorial Commission and its most active champion of a Pantheon design; Hon. John J. Boylan, Chairman of the Memorial Commission; Hon. Kent Keller, Chairman of the House Library Committee, who sponsors a bill to throw the memorial design open to competition; Gilmore D. Clarke, Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts which has never approved the Pantheon; and Hon. Otha D. Wearin, who sponsors a bill to require design competitions for federal buildings*



HARRIS & EWING

School of Design. Their letters appear this month. Mr. Gilmore D. Clarke, Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts, preferred not to answer Dr. Kimball formally. But he was good enough to send us a Memorandum documented with eight exhibits which indicates the action taken, up to May, 1938, by the Commission of Fine Arts in regard to the design of the Memorial. He felt that the readers of the MAGAZINE OF ART were entitled to know the facts in the case. The exhibits are copies of minutes of meetings of the Commission of Fine Arts and copies of official communications. The information received from Mr. Clarke makes very interesting reading, especially in view of certain statements in Dr. Kimball's letter, but alas, it bulks too large for complete publication. What follows is a condensation, made to avoid repetitions, and yet to preserve an account of the actual development of events in so far as known.

On March 20, 1937, not before, the Jefferson Memorial Commission formally submitted designs to the Fine Arts Commission. This was done *after* the Memorial Commission

ing Hon. John J. Boylan, Chairman of the Jefferson Memorial Commission. At that time, according to the minutes, the design submitted by Mr. Pope, which called for a Pantheon type of Memorial, was not approved.

Let us look a little further into this document:

"Both Commissions decided that before further action is taken in the matter a landscape plan must be prepared for the treatment of the entire area south of the Washington Monument and west of Fifteenth Street and that a careful study should be made of the estimate of cost so that the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission and Congress may be fully informed as to the cost both of the memorial proper and of the landscape treatment of the grounds, including roadways, changes in the Tidal Basin, and relocation of trees. Each Commission decided to report individually to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission. A copy of the proceedings of the day and a draft of a letter concerning the Thomas Jefferson Memorial were sent to each member of the Commission of Fine Arts and made a part of these minutes."



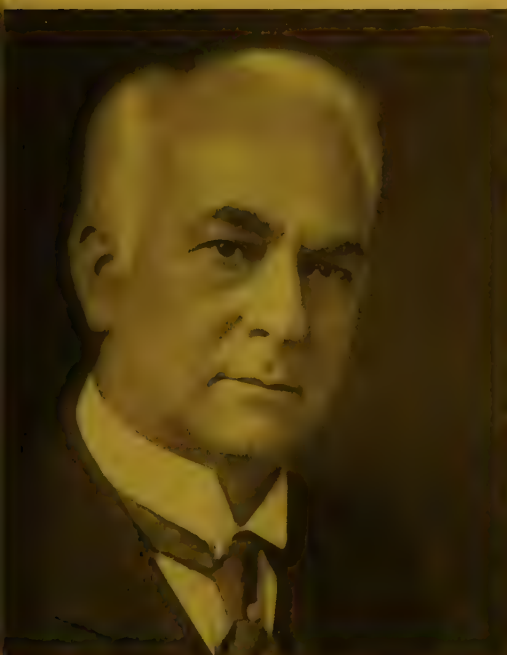
# COMMISSION

THREE federal commissions are here involved: 1. the Commission of Fine Arts, founded in 1910 to advise on the design and decoration of federal buildings in Washington; 2. the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, established to develop a plan for Washington and vicinity; 3. the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission, set up in 1935, with unprecedented powers, to select a design for and erect a Jefferson Memorial. The first two are permanent; the third is temporary

All this is highly significant in view of what Dr. Kimball said in his letter in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* for May: "The three commissions were unanimous in agreement on the choice of site. Although a Pantheon scheme was the one proposed from the beginning for this site, no objection was voiced to it by representatives of the Commission of Fine Arts—including Mr. Clarke, its present Chairman, who participated in the deliberations of the Jefferson Memorial Commission at its meeting of April 27, 1937—until September of last year, following a change of its personnel." Although Mr. Clarke perhaps voiced no objection at the Memorial Commission's meeting on April 27, the Fine Arts body had officially voiced disapproval, and so had Mr. Clarke, on March 20. Mr. Boylan had been informed of it, too.

1901 visualized this *parti* for a building on this site. However, it does not seem reasonable that that Commission gave the kind of thought to this particular phase of the central composition of Washington that they would have, had they had more time. Since 1901 we have advanced a long way. I feel that this solution of Mr. Pope's is extremely unfortunate."

And yet Dr. Kimball wrote last month: "Certainly if the Commission of Fine Arts, or its present Chairman, now advocate competition in this case, that is something totally at variance with any suggestion from them in the past three years as to the matter of selecting an architect. Mr. Charles Moore, then Chairman of the Commission, originally urged direct selection of an architect and Mr. Gilmore Clarke and his colleagues repeatedly stated that they were quite satisfied



HARRIS & EWING



PIRIE MACDONALD



HARRIS & EWING

At the meeting of the two permanent commissions on the earlier date the minutes reveal that Mr. Clarke said: "In connection with this matter, I find it difficult to be temperate. I have been on the Fine Arts Commission for five years; this is the first time in my memory that a most important project has been referred to the Commission after it has been completely 'frozen' as far as the design is concerned. *I had always hoped, and had been led to believe, that the design for this Memorial would be open to competition.* [Italics ours.—ED.] Apparently, that did not seem to be feasible to the Memorial Commission. At the last meeting of the Commission of Fine Arts, I still thought there would be a competition to find a group of designers who would get into the spirit of the venture so as to build into it some of the great character of Jefferson. This would have been stimulating to all the professions interested; it would have been of nation-wide interest; it would have brought out something new rather than transporting an ancient *parti* from Rome to this site in the form of the Pantheon. It is true that McKim and the Commission of

with direct selection and with the choice made." Someone is obviously wrong, at least in part.

After that increasingly famous meeting Mr. Charles Moore reported to Rep. Boylan for the Commission of Fine Arts, giving in commendable detail their findings. The wording is sufficiently clear to show that a Pantheon type memorial was not acceptable to Mr. Moore and his colleagues. They also desired a careful study of the whole area, not merely the site. The Memorial Commission was certainly not left in the dark.

Before the first of April, 1937, the Memorial issue had become major Washington news, had made two nationally syndicated columns and been thrown out across the country by press associations. In its April issue the *MAGAZINE OF ART* published Marquis W. Childs' article, *Mr. Pope's Memorial*, which probed beneath the surface to determine how the architect and the design had been selected. All Washington papers and many others published a phenomenal number of letters of protest against the memorial from all over the country. Congressmen were getting them, too. No appropriation

(Continued on page 372)





INGRES: "ODALISQUE," 1842. INCLUDED IN THE WALTERS GALLERY EXHIBITION OF XIX CENTURY FRENCH ACADEMIC PAINTING

# ACADEMIC FRENCH PAINTING

## BY ELEANOR PATTERSON SPENCER

THERE SEEM to be three good reasons for re-examining the academic art of France in the nineteenth century: first, as a study in the history of taste and of formal criticism; secondly, as an inquiry into the esthetic significance of a neglected, if not maligned, style; and thirdly, as a review of the effects, in France, of organization and group control in the field of art.

One of the most recent efforts to understand and coordinate the factors contributing to a single movement or point of view in the arts was the symposium on Courbet and the Naturalistic School, organized within the month in Baltimore by Dr. George Boas, professor of the history of philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, to study the meaning of realism in nineteenth-century thought. And since the expression of realism, as represented by Gustave Courbet, took on the strong color of radicalism, it seemed only fair on this occasion to investigate that which is commonly regarded in France as its antithesis, the academic point of view. Therefore, papers upon the anti-naturalists were included and, as pendant to the Courbet show at the Baltimore Museum of Art, the Walters Gallery supplemented its fine permanent nineteenth-century gallery with a special group of paintings to illustrate the officially approved art of the Second Empire.

The present general interest in the history of ideas has produced many one-volume surveys of the arts, sciences and philosophies. These very readable books are, of course, the popular counterpart of the opportunities for orientation and integration and general surveying of knowledge which make up so large a part of modern higher education. They are the natural consequence of an accumulation of more or less inaccessible specialized reports in the form of theses and learned papers, and their place on the lists of "best-sellers" implies a wholehearted intention on the part of the modern reader to understand for himself some of the broad relationships in the history of thought. One of the several vices of these generalizations is the practice of making sharp contrasts with which to define—and confine—ideas. The presentation of French painting in the Second Empire illustrates this very well. Courbet and Manet are frequently represented as the chief radicals each in his way rebellious against a vaguely defined "official" or "academic" art, a weak survival of the ideals of David and Delacroix which controlled all the prizes and commissions of the day. The program of the opposition is scrutinized carefully, as it should be, since it changed the course of events for the next two generations. But it is assumed that we know who



the conservatives were and what ideas they had to defend, and that we have had good reason to put away most of their pictures. Until lately there were men and women who remembered the conflicts between realism and tradition; now we have only the once-removed reminiscences of those who were children in the eighteen sixties and seventies. Perhaps it is time to turn to the pictures themselves, to the speeches and the newspaper articles of the day, for further evidence of the character of the period, to decide for ourselves whether it merits serious reconsideration.

The catalogs of the Salons and the Expositions Universelles of the Second Empire provide interesting sidelights, as well as checklists of several thousand titles, names and addresses. From them we are shocked to learn, for example, that *copies* of works of art were acceptable to the jury if executed in a medium other than that of the original. Thus a charcoal version of the Mona Lisa held its place on the wall and in the catalog of the Salon of 1861, although so many canvases were refused by the jury that serious protests were in order. The names of the jury were always printed here, with information as to whether they had been officially appointed by the government or elected by their fellow artists. Prizes, in the form of cash, medals or honorable mentions, were never, of course, awarded until the end of the exhibition, in July. The names of those honored, together with the official speeches of the day, were published immediately in the government's organ, *Le Moniteur*, and then reprinted in the preface to the catalog of the next Salon. Both no doubt served to guide the taste of visitors.

From the speeches of such officials as Count Walewski, Minister of State, and of Count Nieuwerkerke, Director-

General of Imperial Museums and Superintendent of the Beaux-Arts, it is clear that the government set a high value upon the contribution made by its artists. That the standard of French taste had practical as well as moral value is implicit in the words of the former, at the close of the Salon of 1861: "*Le goût est à la France industrielle et pacifique ce qu'est l'honneur à la France militaire.*" ("Taste is to France in peace and prosperity what honor is to her in wartime.") Praise of achievement is tempered often with exhortation to fresh efforts, especially for the Expositions of 1855 and 1867, and a trend towards anecdotal subjects is deplored. "*C'est pour élever l'art contemporain que l'Empereur a décrété les expositions universelles; il lui a paru que ce contact . . . des artistes avec le public stimulerait plus efficacement leurs efforts et ajouterait à leurs forces,*" ("The emperor has established the Expositions Universelles to elevate contemporary art; it has seemed to him that this contact of artists with the public would more effectively stimulate their efforts and increase their powers,") announced M. Vaillant, the Emperor's Minister of Fine Arts, in 1864. True enough, almost all the crowned heads of Europe, not to mention visitors from America, came to see and to buy when Paris announced an Exposition Universelle.

That it was thought necessary on public occasions to advise young artists to work harder, to take their art more seriously, even to chide the professionals for yielding to popular demands, reveals a concern, perhaps fear, for the prestige of French taste. It seems quite clear, however, that the products and the ideas of Courbet and Manet were of no concern whatever to this solicitous government. A new public had begun to buy works of art, especially since 1850, and this public's preference was rapidly creating a demand for the trivial, the



GEROME: "DEATH OF CAESAR," AMONG THE FRENCH ACADEMIC PICTURES OF THE XIX CENTURY SHOWN AT WALTERS ART GALLERY





DETAIL FROM GEROME'S "DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE," AMONG THE PAINTINGS BY XIX CENTURY FRENCH ACADEMIC AND OFFICIAL PAINTERS SHOWN AT THE WALTERS ART GALLERY AT BALTIMORE LAST MONTH

Below: DETAIL FROM DELAROCHE'S "THE HEMICYCLE," ONE OF THE XIX CENTURY FRENCH PAINTINGS IN THE WALTERS GALLERY SHOW. THE ANCIENTS ON THE DAIS ARE ICTINUS, APPELLES, PHIDIAS; THE LADIES ON THE LEFT: GOTHIC ART AND GREEK ART; THOSE ON THE RIGHT: ROMAN ART AND THE RENAISSANCE; IN THE CENTER FOREGROUND KNEELS THE SPIRIT OF ART WITH HER LAURELS READY TO BESTOW

incidental and the small—a market which many painters, recalling the depression of 1848, hastened to supply. The new collector was no longer a member of the wealthy aristocracy, but was represented by the rich bourgeois and his wife, without much cultural experience, who knew very well what they liked and who liked what they could understand. A paternal government, aware of the country's reputation, undertook therefore to guide bourgeois taste by defining great art with the help of its famous Academicians, and by insisting through the publicity of prizes and purchases that Beauty (absolute, of course) lay in elevating subjects, nobly conceived. In the words of the English critic, Hamerton, "there are beautiful truths and ugly truths, and the business of art is with the beautiful truths; only admitting the ugly ones when they will enhance the beauty of the others, but not erecting these ugly truths into the standard of *all* truth." Moral victories and military victories, including the exotic associations evoked by the campaign in Morocco, were quite as elevating as the classical, religious and historical subjects inherited from David and Delacroix; genre and landscapes might be admitted to the Salons, but as late as 1888 a critic could point with pride to the fact that among the honors "there is not a pure landscape in the list." Adequate treatment of such noble subjects consisted first of all in following certain precepts of composition and, secondly, in a meticulous rendering of details in which the moral value of industry and patience was implied. It is only fair to admit that Delacroix's furious brush strokes seem-





IN 1862 MEISSONIER RECALLED THE GLORY OF NAPOLEON IN THIS PAINTING CALLED "1814" ONE OF THE ACADEMIC FRENCH PICTURES SHOWN AT THE WALTERS ART GALLERY



ed to justify for most juries some variation from the immaculately enamelled surfaces of the classic tradition.

Such deliberate efforts to shape public taste resulted in a new kind of art criticism. Newspapers, catering to the demand for news and comment, included discussions of art, enlivened with cartoons. The more scholarly critics founded the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in 1859, to provide, they said, an organ for artists as well as a publication for the fruits of the new scholarship. Novelists continued to introduce characters who expressed opinions on art. All these sources will contribute to the history of criticism, and will perhaps help us to understand the confusion of our own public which has yet to realize that all objects in an art museum are not *ipso facto* examples

of an ideal and absolute Beauty. Fortunately some are independent enough to admit to confusion, and many do distinguish between that which is merely rare and that which has for them esthetic value, but many more belong to Mr. Goudy's sad classification of the majority who love art "because they mistake it for something else."

HOW MUCH "esthetic significance" may our generation of critics expect to find in academic painting of this period? In the intervening years we have been learning how to look away from subject interest, and from the semblance of the retinal image, for evidence of a well-planned relation of forms in space, of colors and of surface designs. The *Ecole des Beaux-*

(Continued on page 382)



# EUGENE ORMANDY

INTERVIEWED BY EMILY KIMBROUGH

"A PROGRAM," Eugene Ormandy said, "must always be made up of important and significant music. There can be old music, or modern, and one is just as necessary as the other. But," and he held up his finger for emphasis, "there has to be in every program something an audience can hum on its way home. At least, that is the way I feel. My audiences must have one thing to hum."

Mr. Ormandy was sitting in front of the fire in his big living room for a few minutes after dinner, before his nightly disappearance to his studio upstairs for hours of work. A few people had come in for dinner, there were several house guests—there always are—besides his sister-in-law who, with her two children, lives with them. The talk had come around to the make-up of programs and someone said that Philadelphia audiences seemed particularly to like their programs this season. Mr. Ormandy was very pleased by that.

"I work so hard over them," he explained a little shyly. "I have upstairs now six variations of a program and I have been at it for a long time, but I haven't decided yet which one to use."

A dinner guest asked what he used as the base for a program, and it was then that he grew so emphatic over the hum of an audience.

"Color is important," he said. "If a program is not well shaded, or is altogether drab in color tone, the music itself is not given its best chance and the audience is badly let down."

It began to be apparent that here was a conductor who was taking his audience into a kind of partnership with him, neither cajoling nor flattering, but certainly not ignoring it.

Members of his Philadelphia audience had been aware of this trait for some time. When he had occasion to address them from the stage, there was a warmth and simplicity about his approach, which brought an instinctive response from his listeners. One of the manifestations of this response was the formation of the Orchestra Club. This organization, begun last fall, has grown to over three hundred and fifty members. It was formed for the purpose of providing an opportunity of knowing the members of the orchestra personally and becoming, vicariously, a part of it. The Orchestra Club came into the conversation when someone asked Mr. Ormandy if he minded its members coming to a rehearsal.

"I like it," he insisted quickly. "I am so pleased that they want to know more about the Orchestra, that I want to show them everything."

A discussion across the room arose from this, on how audiences affected a conductor. Probably, they said, Mr. Ormandy got an added stimulus from the presence of listeners, even at rehearsal. He broke into this abruptly.

"No," he said, "it is not that. With me, it is not a question of what an audience does to me, because it does practically nothing. But it is a very important question—what I do to

an audience. I never step out on the stage that I don't think to myself, I have never been here before. What I did last week is gone. Now I must show them fresh what we can do. If I am poor this week, it will wipe out last week. If I am good that will make it live again."

One of the men took him up sharply. "You mean an audience does nothing to you? Doesn't it make you nervous?"

"Not when you have been put before one since the age of seven to make your living," was his answer.

No one answered that, perhaps because they were thinking back to the little boy born in Budapest in 1899, admitted to the Royal Academy of Music at the age of five, winner of a Master's degree at fourteen, an artist's diploma at sixteen and a Professor of Music at seventeen. Did he have time to play, did he make friends with other children? Or were all people only lumped into audiences, teachers, students?

At twenty-one he came to America as a concert violinist. The tour had to be abandoned, and he took the last chair in the violins at the Capitol Theatre in New York. Five days later he was told through an interpreter that Roxy had made him concert master. After that he became assistant conductor. But the end was not yet; he conducted broadcasts, Stadium concerts and those in Robin Hood Dell. He was a guest conductor with the Philadelphia Orchestra, was called to lead the Minneapolis Symphony and remained there for five years. From there he came to his present position in Philadelphia. Thirty-one years out of thirty-eight filled with audiences and work.

Mrs. Ormandy looked up from the needlepoint on which she was working.

"I will tell you one thing," she contributed, "that always surprises me. I would never know from Eugene's behavior that he was going to have a concert. When I was playing, I could never eat before a performance, but he—"

Her sister broke in. "He eats with my children," she said, as if she expected the statement to be challenged, "I nearly died the first time. The children always eat supper upstairs, and that night I would have taken them to the third floor so he could not possibly hear them. But no, he said since he had to eat early it was a nice chance to eat with them. Now he always does, before a concert, and jokes with them."

The party did challenge him, and he admitted it. "I tried," he told them apologetically, "to go once without eating, because I knew so many artists did, and I thought it might give me more spirit. But all it did was to take away all I had. I thought I was going to faint. I had no vitality, no strength at all to put into my music. Spirit! All I could think about was how hungry I was. So now I eat with the children."

The talk drifted into radio. Mrs. Ormandy was telling a story. Her voice is warm and deep. She laughs contagiously, and gestures frequently with beautiful, able hands. Her vital-



ity and her quick, human perceptiveness are very arresting qualities. Mr. Ormandy watched her appreciatively until she had finished. Then he entered the discussion with vigor.

"Don't be superior about the radio," he said. "Be thankful down on your knees that it has brought a whole new audience to music. People who might never have been touched by music through their whole lives, know now how much they need it, and they get it."

A doubter asked how he reconciled catering to the radio taste with his standards of music and program making.

"Very easily," Mr. Ormandy assured him vehemently, "because there is little reconciling to be done. I give them the greatest music I know. Mind you, I don't think that the radio is perfect yet, or that it can compare with the concert hall. I know that perhaps sometimes we do not give our best performances, because we must watch the clock and hurry or go more slowly as it says. But then, sometimes, I think we have given the best things we have ever done, over the air."

One of the women interrupted. "You almost always conduct without a score, don't you? I suppose it must make a very great difference, or you wouldn't do such a fearful amount of work."

"I don't think it makes any difference at all," he told her. "It just happens to be very easy for me to memorize, and so I do it. If it were any effort, I should not bother with it at all, because I do not think it affects the performance in the slightest."

There was quick discussion over this. Someone reminded him that his extraordinary musical memory was mentioned in the citation when he was given an honorary degree by the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Ormandy waved this aside, and denied the justice of the argument that the absence of music gave the audience the feeling that the conductor or performer knew it more completely than those who used scores.

"I used to turn pages," he said, "for one of the great pianists in Europe. As a matter of fact, he never once looked at the music, but he felt more secure to have it there, so that he could not possibly let his audience down. Perhaps the audience thought he was reading it. What difference did it make? He was playing it superbly."

"In Europe," Mrs. Ormandy commented, "one is much more used to seeing the music than here. Perhaps that is why Americans are disturbed to see it, although I had never thought about it before."

Every American present agreed, somewhat shamefacedly, that it did make a difference, and that they did feel a particular gratification in Mr. Ormandy's complete independence of scores.

"Then," Mrs. Ormandy spoke decisively, "you had better go along right now, Eugene, and memorize some more."

Mr. Ormandy looked at her gratefully. "I hope you will forgive me," he said to the guests, "but someone is coming to work with me who cannot get here until midnight, so I must get other work out of the way before then."

He turned back at the door. "I am going to decide on that program I was talking about before. And I am going to set the radio program too. Don't be superior about the radio. There will be something in each of them to hum."



PHOTO REMBRANDT STUDIOS

EUGENE ORMANDY HAS JUST FINISHED HIS SECOND SEASON AS CONDUCTOR OF THE FAMOUS PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA. HE CAME TO THIS IMPORTANT POST AFTER FIVE SUCCESSFUL YEARS AS LEADER OF THE MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY. RADIO GIVES ORMANDY A NATIONAL FOLLOWING

"He is happy here, isn't he?" one of the guests asked, when he had gone.

Mrs. Ormandy looked up from her needlepoint. "Why shouldn't he be," she said gravely, "with one of the greatest orchestras in the world? Do you know what that orchestra is like to me? Like a single, golden-voiced Stradivarius. Imagine not being happy to work with a Stradivarius."





EDWARD HICKS: "LANDSCAPE," LENT BY MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., TO THE POPULAR PAINTERS SHOW AT THE MODERN MUSEUM

# SEEING THE SHOWS

IN NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA

## MASTERS OF POPULAR PAINTING

THE EXHIBITION of Masters of Popular Painting at the Museum of Modern Art is striking in the variety of talents that it displays. Since this variety is best expressed in the exhibit itself, and in the comparison and contrast of the individual painters—as different in their separate styles as any group of "sophisticated" artists—we can do no more than comment upon one of its features: the relative uniformity of the French as compared with the American contributions. The latter do not alone cover a longer period of time (from Hicks to Cervantes); they reflect a greater divergence of styles in this country, and demonstrate the closer contact of our advanced art with popular feeling. The French artists, from Henri Rousseau on, almost all stem from the impressionist tradition, or at most (as Bombois in his views of Chartres) use a post-card as inspiration. These are matched by Kane and Pickett, but the younger artists are directly influenced by the painters of the "American scene," from whom they are in some cases almost indistinguishable.

To be sure this indicates not merely a range of talent among the popular artists, but also that large sections of our painters have tried to escape from the hyper-subjectivity of the recent European tradition by themselves becoming "primitive."

In addition, it raises a significant parallel in appreciation. The Museum has wisely avoided the traditional labels of naive and primitive. Such appellations must always be relative, and a man's personal naiveté is no guarantee for that of his style. Yet, while we understand the untutored quality the Museum means to convey in calling them "popular," it is important that they have never been so among their natural social and economic associates. Just as the advanced artist of modern times has been notoriously isolated, unable to find either his public or his friends among those with whom society naturally throws him, so the popular artist, from Rousseau—classically rejected by his last love because of his artistic peculiarities and his poverty—on down, has been considered an eccentric by the people among whom he has lived. For this





CHARLES HARSANYI: "RAILROAD CROSSING." SHOWN IN THE 22ND ANNUAL OF THE SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS, NEW YORK

reason their art cannot be called a truly folk art; because such an art, while it is based upon the vulgarization of a tradition, as is this, conforms to more than an individual taste, and finds its natural consumers in the immediate circle of the artist himself.

The replacement of such a natural public by the public predicated by the Museum's interest, and our interest, in these popular artists, is one of the most curious phenomena of modern taste. The usual linking of the naïve and the aboriginal primitive is not accidental. Though far apart in formal and emotional qualities, they were "discovered" concurrently, and this suggests that we must look for their appeal in the similarity of the need they fulfilled. We may find a clue in the directness of their approach to their art, a directness which comes both from an inability (which is more than mere technical unwillingness) to employ a variety of traditions, and from a belief in their art as more than a personal expression, as an adequate way of rendering the world. The "second man" has not yet come into existence for either the primitive or the modern popular artist, and it is for this reason that their work appealed to the modern artist who had often added a third and a fourth watching personality. The popular painter has no personal, as he has no stylistic eclecticism, consequently he cannot hint, suggest or refer; he must state what he wishes to say, directly and unelliptically. And such con-

vinced statement, formulated with a keen sense for the values of color pattern and the gradations of tone, appeals to a public long accustomed to works which force the spectator to contribute his own interpretation and his own meaning.

—ROBERT J. GOLDWATER.

## THE ARTIST AUDUBON

IN COMMEMORATION of the one hundredth anniversary of the publication of the famous Elephant Folio of John James Audubon's *The Birds of America* the first comprehensive exhibition of his work as an artist has been staged at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, an institution of which, in 1831, he became a "corresponding" or honorary member. National in character, with exhibits culled from museums and private collections ranging geographically from New Orleans to Boston, and from Philadelphia to St. Louis, the display, while presenting all the published works, including the Academy's own subscription copy of the Elephant Folio, concentrates upon the art development and versatility of this most extraordinary of early American painters. The public which has been aware of Audubon primarily through the reproduction of his bird plates, will gain new insight into his ability as an artist through his portraits and large group canvases, dealing with animals as well as birds.





Above: "THE AMERICAN CROSS FOX," WATER COLOR, LENT BY GWYNNE STOUT. Below: JOHN J. AUDUBON'S SELF-PORTRAIT, 1822, LENT BY MRS. GRATIA HOUGHTON RINEHART TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, PHILADELPHIA



Audubon's earliest drawings, made in France from 1805 to the spring of 1806, are mere statements of fact, without any interest in arrangement. *Marmotte de Savoye*, probably Audubon's first drawing of a quadruped, dated June 6, 1805, is of the specimen type and shows that as an artist he was yet to develop. The early group of drawings, ranging from 1805 to about 1815, lent by the Harvard College Library, reveals the first flush of interest in composition, color and vivification. At first even birds were traced in profile and with little or no environmental accompaniment. Then bit by bit Audubon added a flower here, a lichen twig there, until in *Yellow Billed Rail* (1810) he had achieved complete environment, with the bird striding into the swamp from a cover of reeds.

Equally slow was the artist's progress toward mastery of movement in the creatures he portrayed. Only gradually did the static profile change to a front, or three-quarter view, passing through an amusing stage, shown in the *Red Owl*, when the face, with quaintly cramped features, looked forward, while talons and wing clung to profile treatment.

An interesting section of the exhibition shows his method of work when, in full maturity, he was developing studies for the *Quadrupeds*. Both canvas and paper were pressed into service for a study of soft-haired squirrels. First on paper he drew an outline of the little creature. Then on canvas he pencilled an outline of the little body, while painting in oil the leaves and tree trunk. The final composition, with two squirrels, shows the combination of oil on canvas for environment, and water color on paper for the squirrels, each squirrel being developed





DAVID FREDENTHAL: "HORSES," WATER COLOR. INCLUDED IN THE ARTIST'S FIRST ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY, NEW YORK. FREDENTHAL IS ONE OF THE YOUNGER MEN RECRUITED BY THE DOWNTOWN FROM THE RANKS OF WPA FEDERAL ART PROJECT

on a separate sheet. The artist's reason for thus varying his medium is suggested in his sensitivity to textures. In oil he could best portray foliage and soil. Water color and crayon, on the other hand, were better adapted to the texturing of fur or feathers.

In his later works he became a master of line. Although he was not exposed to the influence of Oriental prints, working separately and alone he arrived at similar means of expression. *Richardson's Squirrels*, the water color of a Canadian porcupine, the exquisitely textured *Head of a Buffalo Calf* and the dignity of an old male vulture, all suggest innate kinship in feeling as well as in technic between this woodsman artist and the sophisticated Orientals.

The large oils in the exhibition have held their color less well than the water colors, but with few exceptions, such as the traditionally handled still-life, *A Bag of Game*, these canvases served as preliminaries for the Elephant Folio plates.

Before deciding upon the single figure of a male wild turkey strutting proudly against tall grasses in a mountain-top environment, the artist created several imposing compositions, one showing the mother turkey with her chicks, another the entire family group. Final choice for the plate, however, divorced the male from the brood, and resulted in a third canvas said to have been considered his masterpiece by Audubon himself. This painting is being shown publicly for the

first time through loan from the artist's great grandson, Victor M. Tyler of New Haven, Connecticut.

Below: "GRAPES AND PEPPER" BY MABEL HOOPER LA FARGE, ONE OF THE WATER COLORS IN HER RECENT ONE-MAN EXHIBIT, MAYNARD WALKER'S







Above: "SPANISH LANDSCAPE" BY JUDSON BRIGGS IN THE UPTOWN GALLERY'S ONE-MAN SHOWING. Below: "NITZHIA" BY ARLINE WINGATE, SEEN AT THE 22ND INDEPENDENTS ANNUAL IN NEW YORK UP TO MAY 18. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE MIDTOWN GALLERIES

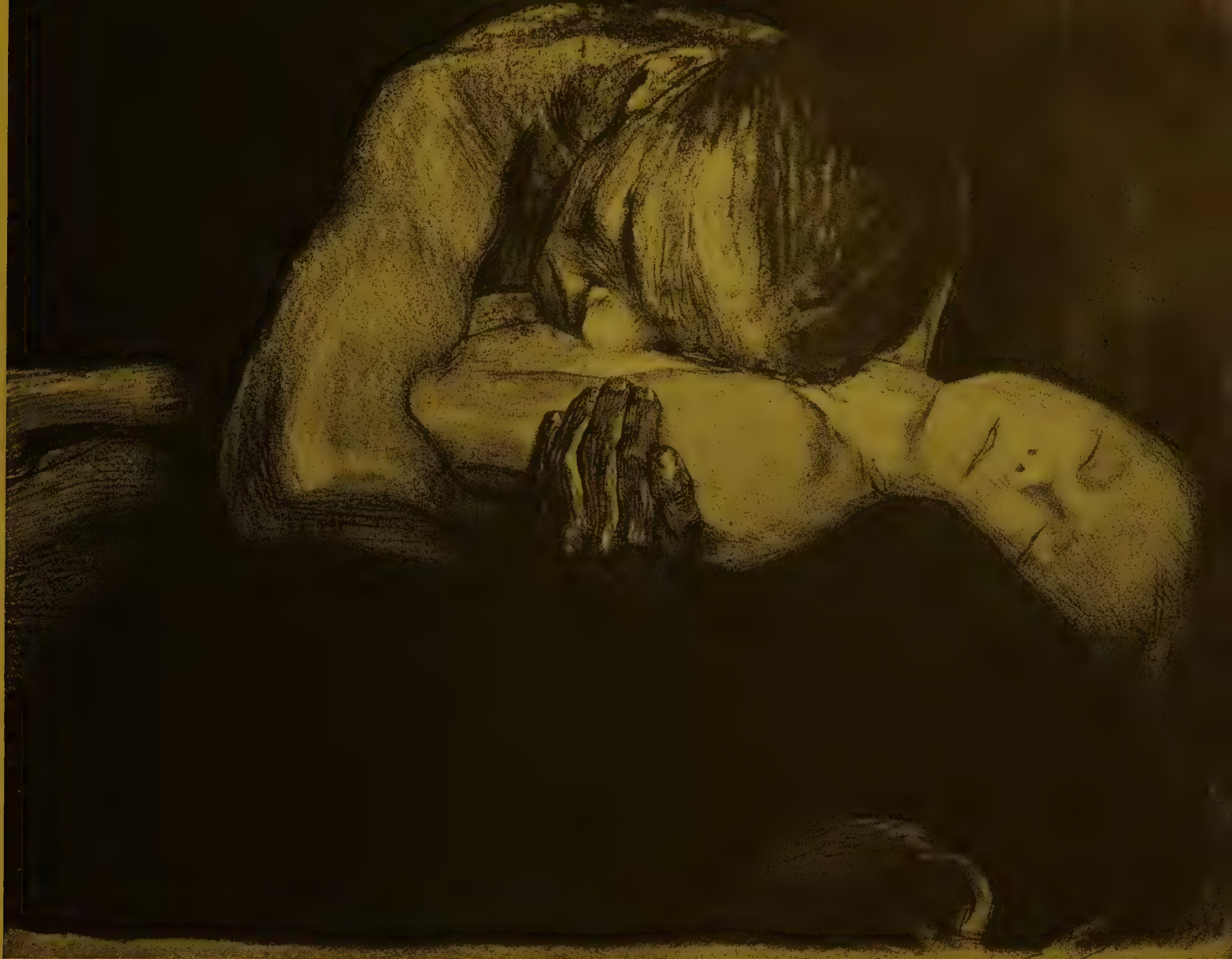
Perhaps the least known works of Audubon are his portraits. Before he worked in oils he had developed astonishing facility with black wash and crayon on paper. His character study of Lafayette in this medium is among the best of his drawings.

In 1822, while he was still in Louisiana, he painted a self-portrait that is still considered his best likeness. It shows him, not in his favorite woodsman's garb, but as a gentleman, with white cravat, stock collar and dark coat. Small portraits in oil of his two sons as boys are painted in forthright manner, but in his studies of women Audubon was less austere. Particularly charming is the portrait of his small daughter, quaintly stiff in little white dress and posed in an environment of flowers. The miniature full length of Miss Anna Cora Mowatt, dramatist and actress of the 1840's, approaches Rousseau in ingenuousness. Here, as in no other canvas, detail claims the limelight, from flower-patterned dress to the delicate painting of a white embroidered collar, the sheer white streamers on a poke bonnet and the myriad leaves on a sprouting willow stump.

Audubon's art is not without contradictions. It is at the same time strong and delicate; bold and sensitive, for behind it were the hands of a man who could handle a gun with







Above: "PIETA," LITHOGRAPH BY KAETHE KOLLWITZ SHOWN AT HUDSON WALKERS. Below: KAETHE KOLLWITZ'S "SELF-PORTRAIT," REVEALING THE ARTIST'S USE OF A NEW MEDIUM. ONE OTHER EXHIBIT OF KOLLWITZ'S WORK WAS ON VIEW AT THE ARISTA GALLERY



deadly accuracy, yet whose fingers could paint the lightest feather, the softest fur, or fashion from hair the most delicate ornaments. The first comprehensive display of his art is more than a gesture of commemoration. It marks the public debut of a painter whose stature, eclipsed for a century by scientific inference, is only now beginning to be appreciated.

—DOROTHY GRAFLY.

## AROUND NEW YORK

### WHY THE INDEPENDENTS?

LAST MONTH I wondered whether the Academy Annual hadn't ceased to be the Academy Annual and become just another big group show. This month that other hardy Spring perennial, the Independents' Annual raises a related question: Has it not ceased to fill its old purpose in the art world as a foil for the Academy? Once upon a time the mavericks made it a sort of Salon de Refusées. Now people show in both events. There is more technical proficiency to be observed in the Academy; there is more unfettered spirit in the Independents. Both shows may be called to account for an amazing amount of mediocrity within those limits. Both run into numbers and inanity.

(Continued on page 374)





*Adoration of the Magi. Sculpture from the Cerezo de Riotiron. Spanish, c. 1226. Installed in the Metropolitan Museum's recently opened Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, New York City. New building and site, as well as many of the objects were given by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*

# ACTIVITY

## NEWS OF THE SEVERAL ARTS AND OF FEDERATION CHAPTERS

### *Co-Directors for the Art Institute*

THE APPOINTMENT of Daniel Catton Rich and Charles Harvey Burkholder as co-directors of the Art Institute of Chicago would seem an ideal arrangement. Mr. Rich will be Director of Fine Arts and Curator of Painting and Sculpture; Mr. Burkholder, Director of Finance and Operation. It is encouraging to find one of the foremost art institutions in the country giving to men from its own staff preference over outsiders, foreign or domestic. Congratulations to Mr. Rich and Mr. Burkholder, and to the Trustees for their good judgment.

Mr. Rich has been on the staff of the Art Institute for the past ten years. He assisted Mr. Harshe, late director of the Institute, in planning and preparing many important exhibitions. In his capacity as Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture, a post which he has held since 1931, he has edited the *Bulletin* and compiled catalogs for many of the special exhibitions. In 1934 and 1935 he served on the Committee of the Art Project of the Illinois Emergency Relief Commission and is at present Chairman of the Illinois Regional Committee of the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department. He has lectured widely and contributed articles on many subjects in the fine arts field. His monograph on *Seurat and the Evolution of La Grande Jatte* was published by the University of Chicago Press in 1933.

Mr. Burkholder has been associated with the Art Institute since 1901, when he became Office Manager. He served as Curator of Exhibitions from 1916 to 1920; as Secretary and Business Manager since 1920.

### *No Miracle*

ALTHOUGH THIS is supposed to be an age of miracles—if not of faith—one wonder we couldn't accomplish was a report of the Federation Convention in this issue. The Magazine is appearing on the last day of the convention and was actually printed the week before and bound on the first two days of sessions. No miracle was possible; but we do depend on your faith that the July issue will have an account which will do the meetings justice.

### *Manhattan Cloisters*

THE NEW Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park, New York City, was opened May 14. In a sense this branch of the Metropolitan Museum is a monument to the late George Grey Barnard, sculptor, and to Rockefeller munificence.

In 1925 Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., donated to the Museum funds for the purchase of George Grey Barnard's collection of medieval sculpture and architectural elements. They were housed at the time in a building on Fort Washington





*Saint Stephen. German, first half of XVI century. In the Boppard Room in the Metropolitan Museum's Cloisters*

Avenue near the sculptor's home, where they were put on exhibition after the purchase. However, Mr. Rockefeller had plans for more adequate quarters. In 1930 when he presented New York City with Fort Tryon Park, a fifty-six acre tract at the northern end of Manhattan overlooking the Hudson, he reserved the hilltop for the new Cloisters. In 1935 he provided funds for its construction and capped this off by giving the Palisades Interstate Park Commission seven hundred acres of New Jersey river front, presumably with an eye to keeping the Cloisters view safe from commercialism.

By a curious turn of fate Mr. Barnard died two weeks before the opening and consequently did not see his collection completely installed in its new home. Doubtless as he gathered these things he little dreamed that the original Cloisters idea would be developed on such a scale.

The building is the result of ten years study and preparation by James J. Rorimer, curator of medieval art, and Charles Collens, architect. It is not copied from any one building nor is it a composite of various buildings, but rather the development of an integrated whole from the architectural elements in the collection. Since the cloisters from the abbey of Saint-Michel-de-Cuxa form the central and largest unit, the tower is designed after one still standing at Cuxa, close to the Spanish border in southern France. In addition to cloisters from the abbeys of Saint-Guilhem-le-Désert (perhaps the chief treasure of the original collection), Bonnefort-en-Comminges, Trie and Froville, there is an original chapter house, a reconstructed chapel with Romanesque elements, a chapel in Gothic style and eight exhibition galleries.

The collection, which has already been considerably enhanced by recent additions, includes tapestry, glass, paintings and furniture, as well as sculpture. Among the most important new acquisitions are a tapestry series, *The Hunt of the Unicorn*; the fourteenth-century Ile de France *Virgin and*



*Chapter House from the former abbey of Notre-Dame-de-Pontaut. French, before 1151. In its new setting in the Cloisters of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*





Above: "The Holy Family" by Jacob Jordaens. Given by the Samuel H. Kress Foundation to the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco.  
Below: One of Clarence Carter's prize-winning canvases at Cleveland's May Show of work by local artists and craftsmen. Entitled "The Wave"



Child; two early thirteenth-century frescoes from the monastery of San Pedro de Arlanza, near Burgos, Spain; and a Spanish sculpture group of the same period, *The Adoration of the Magi*. The *Virgin Kneeling*, reproduced on the cover, is another recent acquisition.

A handbook on the Cloisters has just been published and may be obtained from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street, New York City.

### *Cleveland's Twentieth Annual*

THE JURY for this year's exhibition by Cleveland artists and craftsmen consisted of Russell Plimpton, Chairman; Olin Dows and Henry Mattson. They praised the artists for their vigorous and well balanced understanding of the problems involved, the variety of their work and its freedom from partisan viewpoint.

The general verdict on the current exhibition is that it is bigger and better than ever. From a total of 3,310 objects submitted, nine hundred and one were chosen by the jury, representing the work of three hundred and fifty artists. Sales amounted to \$181,000 of which sum \$32,591.58 was spent by the Cleveland Museum for its permanent collections and by Museum staff members.

Clarence H. Carter, now nationally known artist, a veteran Cleveland prize winner, won first award in landscape for a set of four oils: *Green Autumn*, *Hear a While the Hum of Summer*, *The Wave* (purchased by the Museum) and *Where Gods Have Touched*. Other prizes in oils went to Rolf Stoll for *Portrait of a Woman*, to Edmund Brucker for *Mangbettu Woman* and Carl



Broemel for *Teasels*, a still-life. H. Edward Winter's ingenious panel, *Animal Kingdom*, composed of twenty-four enamel plaques, won first prize for mural and decorative painting. The water color section was of such high quality that the jury had difficulty in making the awards and resorted to seven honorable mentions after giving first prize to Ted Maddock and second to Clarence Carter.

Emphasis in the plastic arts seems to have been on craftsmanship. A stylized figure by Walter Sinz received first prize in sculpture. Viktor Schreckengost took top honors in pottery and also in ceramic sculpture. Russell Aitken's four plaques in enamel on metal were first in a special group.

The usually popular classes in graphic arts were smaller this year; jewelry also had a poor showing. On the other hand, the silverware entries were more important than they have been for some time.

The show will continue to June 12.

The public interest and support which Cleveland gives her artists hardly needs comment here. The Cleveland Annual is now twenty years old. Let us hope it will continue to grow, retaining its interest in new talent, encouraging its artists to new ideas and fresh efforts.

### *Robbery at Chilham Castle*

NOT LONG ago the front pages of the morning papers carried a story that equalled any ever written by Conan Doyle or E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Early in the morning of April 23 thieves cut a pane of glass from a mullioned window on the ground floor of Chilham Castle, near Canterbury, England, and thereby gained entrance to a gallery which contained, among others, the following paintings: *Saskia at her Toilet* by Rembrandt, *Lady Clarges* and *Pitt* by Gainsborough, *The Earl of Suffolk* by Reynolds and *Man with Dog* by Van Dyck. With gloved hands these five paintings were removed from the walls, laid on cushions and neatly cut from their frames. Presumably the cushions were used to prevent any jarring noises penetrating to the ears of the five dogs and twenty persons asleep in the castle.

The loss was not discovered until Sir Edmund Davis, owner of castle and paintings, entered the gallery the next day and found the empty frames. Scotland Yard was then summoned and a close watch kept on all outgoing ships and airplanes in an unavailing hunt for the paintings.

While it should be next to impossible for the thieves to sell the originals (and there is a report that already two of the paintings have been recovered) it is conceivable that copies will be made and offered from time to time as the lost masterpieces, adding to the general confusion in the collector's field.

### *Art Guides*

VISITORS TO the nation's capital will no longer have to grope their way about the corridors of the Justice Department and Post Office Buildings looking for the murals executed under the Treasury Department Art Projects. They will be able to orient themselves, independent of attendants or officials.

Recently published by Art in Federal Buildings, Inc., are two illustrated booklets which serve as complete guides to the



No one was much surprised when Viktor Schreckengost won a special award for a group of seven ceramic sculptures at Cleveland's May Show. They were all called "The Creatures that God Forgot." These are the giraffes

works of art in the Justice Department and Post Office Buildings. The Guides, which undoubtedly fill a long felt want, may be obtained by mail (twenty-five cents each) from Art in Federal Buildings, Inc., 1033 Barr Building, Washington, D. C. They are also on sale throughout the city.

Art in Federal Buildings, which issues the *Art Guides*, is the publisher of the handsome and comprehensive *Mural Designs*.

### *American Luxembourg*

IN ADDITION to the National Gallery of Art, which will house the famous Mellon Collection, plans are under way for a government supported gallery devoted to contemporary art—a Luxembourg to the Mellon Louvre. A measure for the pro-

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## Documentary

*Land of the Free.* By Archibald MacLeish. New York, 1938. Harcourt, Brace. Price \$3.00.

*You Have Seen Their Faces.* By Margaret Bourke-White & Erskine Caldwell. New York, 1938. Modern Age Books. Price \$.75.

*The River.* By Pare Lorenz. New York, 1938. Peter Stackpole. Price \$2.50.

*The Documentary Film.* By Paul Rotha. London, 1937. Faber. Price 7/6.

SOME OF the major and lasting accomplishments of the Roosevelt administration are recorded in the first three volumes under consideration. This administration has made the Nation recognize and begin to face the problem forming the subject matter of all three books: social conditions in America, especially in the rural South. No little part of this success is due to the skillful photographic documentation by means of which this problem has been dramatized. So presented the problem cannot be ignored.

In the course of this activity what the Government directors and photographers have done is exerting an enormous general influence upon the film and the still photograph. It has used the camera as a constructive instrument for popular understanding, not as an end in itself or for dry record purposes. From this larger purpose a new dignity and stature have come to the camera and to those who use it. The documentary photograph and the documentary film are new and exciting developments which are destined to bright future careers, and they have been creations of governmental necessity.

This work was pioneered by the defunct Resettlement Administration, just as an equivalent development in Great Britain was pioneered by the defunct Empire Marketing Board. Let us hope that we, too, are able to salvage the essential good in governmental experiment to the permanent advantage of good administration and government. Under the direction and leadership of Fisher and Mersey in motion pictures, and Stryker in still photographs an unbelievably rich vein of technical capacity and imagination has been made known and explored. But a movement such as this cannot be explained simply by reference to a handful of individuals: it represents a point of view and, it is fair to say, a philosophy. This is why, as a movement, it is strong and influential.

You see this philosophy—and it is a pictorial thing—most clearly in *Land of the Free*, and it is a tribute to the photographers that their work can inspire such poetry. You also see it in the two motion pictures Lorenz directed for Resettlement, *The River* and *The Plow That Broke the Plains*, the two finest documentary films yet produced in America, and the forerunners of many more to come; you see it less in the book version of *The River*, giving the sound track and a selection of stills from the film. Miss Bourke-White's photographs are mentioned here as evidence of a trend originating, as I believe, in the government's work. Without that work, what Miss Bourke-White has done would not have been possible, and even her very fine effort is still marred by a lack of discipline and direction and a perversely individual point of view that crops up to match Mr. Caldwell's stubbornly ironic remarks.

You will not believe from these books that they describe the real America; but you cannot but believe that they de-

scribe a real America. This irrefragible grasp of reality, more real even than real, is an exciting and important thing; if the description were not sure to be mistaken in some quarters it could be called art. The characteristic of this kind of work is that it is a studied and conscious thing. This is what distinguishes it from the news photograph, which is usually a well calculated piece of good luck, and the 'camera study,' which is usually so much studio trash.

Finally Mr. Rotha's book. It is an informative piece of work and I am sure it has already found its well deserved place on the shelf of the expert to whom it will be invaluable. But it is properly a difficult book, and one which is full of exciting theories, pretending to think and speak for a movement that has not yet found a critical vocabulary. I cannot help but feel it is a pernicious book, and for the average interested American it is a good sign that it does not have a general circulation in our country. With the exception of John Grierson's preface it is too full of pat solutions to problems we must think about a while first before we find satisfactory answers.

The documentary movement, seen by this evidence, is a strong current. There are opposing currents. In the film, documentary (the word is used as a noun) fights against the bathos of Hollywood and the trust control of motion picture theatres and distribution. In still photography it fights the stuffy influence of the academies and the self-righteous censorship of editors and exhibition committees. But against strong obstacles it is making its way. That "poor land makes poor people, and poor people make poor land" is a thing millions have now learned from the film. Millions of us have now seen with what insecurity and poverty the migratory agricultural laborer lives, and why the condition of the southern tenant is a problem of government. Because of documentary work the Manhattan cockney can understand soil erosion on distant farmlands, the southerner can understand the West Coast hop picker, and the New Englander can understand the farmer in the dust bowl.

This great gain in national consciousness and mutual understanding has not come about because some photographers went out and opened the shutters on their cameras. It comes because *before* they went out they thought and felt and understood what they were about to do. That is why these photographs interpret as well as record: and that is what "documentary" now means in America.—F. A. GUTHEIM.

## Matisse à la Russe

*Henri Matisse.* By Alexander Romm. Translated by Chen I-Wan. Printed in Leningrad. 1937. Distributed by Bookniga Corporation, New York. Price \$1.00.

PRESENT DAY Soviet Russia can hardly ignore the genius of Henri Matisse whose work has so long been known and exhibited in that country. In his recent book on Matisse, printed in Leningrad, Alexander Romm has had the job of rationalizing the painter's "hedonistic" art and explaining it in terms of communist teachings. Mr. Romm has had to go through some pretty fancy gymnastics both to evaluate properly the acknowledged place of Matisse and at the same time to damn him as "reflecting the contradictions of the bourgeois world."

(Continued on page 380)



"I WANT A  
TELEPHONE IN  
THIS HOUSE!"



"**S**UPPOSE I get sick? After all, I'm only human. And if I do get a touch of colic . . . or have a nervous breakdown . . . do you know what'll bring it on? Worry! Yes, sir, worrying about how long it would take us to get the doctor if anything should happen.

"Or suppose a pipe bursts in the bathroom? Or a burglar comes along? When something like that happens you don't write a letter, or go after help on horseback. No, sir. You hop to a telephone!

"And what about my mother? She's got marketing to do. Sometimes she needs to get in touch with Dad during the day. And there are errands to be run. Well, she can't do all those things without a telephone . . . and at the same time give me the attention I expect.

"All Dad needs to do to have a telephone is get in touch with the Business Office. I'd do it myself if I could just get out. But I can't. So is it any wonder that worry is keeping me awake half the day?"

B E L L   T E L E P H O N E   S Y S T E M





# LETTERS

DEAR DR. KIMBALL

## "I Challenge the Commission"

To the Editor:

Because Thomas Jefferson admired the Roman Pantheon, the City of Washington must conspicuously endure for centuries a bumptious replica of that insufferable monument. Because our own art is held inadequate to celebrate the character of Jefferson, which towered above his era, we are to celebrate instead his taste, which was, unfortunately, that of his era.

No doubt it is foolish to speculate about taste; but the vision of a memorial to General Grant, developed upon the same principle, crowds insistently into my imagination. How wise were our forefathers who so restricted the "suitable" sites for memorials!

The McMillan plan was, indeed, nobly conceived; but it was not without its errors, among which the proposed Pantheon is the most palpable. The Fine Arts Commission has been, I am happy to believe, inconsistent; but no inconsistency could have impaired its authority so much as silence in the present crisis.

But these considerations are irrelevant. They are debater's points: dust thrown in the air to obscure the issue, which is, not the record or the intentions of this or that commission but the relative merit of the proposed Pantheon. Is this indeed the best design that American architecture can produce?

I admire the piety of Mr. Kimball, but it is ungenerous in him to assume that the only alternative to a Pantheon is a pseudo-modern contraption of concrete and glass bricks, or that the alternative is a utilitarian structure—assuming that that term can be defined. Has he considered that the alternative to a bad piece of architecture might be a good piece of architecture?

Why not settle the question on its merits? An open competition, conducted in accordance with the established and very practicable rules of the American Institute of Architects—in which the ideas of all American architects might be competently reviewed by a jury of architects—would almost surely arrive at a just decision. It seems to me quite preposterous to suppose that the wide interest sure to be evoked by such a competition would defeat the proposal and as for delay, that cannot be a serious matter in a building which is to endure two thousand years!

I challenge the Jefferson Memorial Commission to submit their design to the considered judgment of the profession of architecture. I challenge the Commission to give the American architects one day in court.

JOSEPH HUDNUT.

Dean, Graduate School of Design  
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

## No Real Honor

To the Editor:

May I protest Fiske Kimball's interpretation—first of myself and then of a situation still arising among us, ad libitum? Yes, ad nauseam.

I have myself said that no monuments, in the old sense of that term, belonged to the idea of life as something to be lived: let's say life "modern." Instead of a monument I advocated a memorial, the difference being that the monument

saw life a corpse and the memorial saw the spirit alive, notwithstanding. A monument is no real honor to the dead. It is set up to put certain people on good terms with themselves.

A memorial, as I use the word, is some dedication of a useful word, work, or object to the uses and purposes of the living.

To keep a cherished memory alive by putting a word, work, thought, or sum of money, or all together, to work with some good general human or humane purpose, is modern in the sense that architecture, too, is modern. I know of no "monuments" not futile and ugly in the light of this modern idea we hold in architecture: holding it not merely à la mode.

So—what?

The sort of special pleading Fiske Kimball addresses to the timorous reactionaries of our time is painfully familiar to me. Because of that plea I've seen our national buildings, rank and file, become a "monument" in the sense that I have used the term instead of the great architecture we might have had meantime, serving the living nobly and well.

Why, in the name of fine sentiment, can't we end this mis-carriage of our finer capabilities in this matter of being ourselves? Why can't we end it even in this matter of doing would-be honor to the beloved of our historic past? I am sure there is much we could do sufficiently honoring ourselves while keeping alive the respect and gratitude we would like to see rendered Thomas Jefferson. He is one of my patron saints. I never think of him in connection with classic architecture except as he happened to be wearing, also, silk knee breeches and lace at throat and wrists—a mere incident (or accident) of a temporal character. It was all he then knew.

It is Thomas Jefferson's spirit that should be commemorated by us. Memorialize that spirit and nothing else. Now what was the spirit of the man? He was a great liberal with fine tastes—rich in humanity. Do you imagine were he alive today standing with us in the light of our experience he would build a Monticello or a State Capitol such as ours? To think so would be to render him and the ideals he lived for, utterly impotent. To act upon such assumption by way of a building would be eclecticism's funeral wreath placed by itself upon its own brow.

Well—it is time to place it there if they will have it so. And I guess they will have it so.

But—"Time marches on" and will save Thomas Jefferson from them in spite of themselves.

Come back within the next fifty or sixty years and see for yourself.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Taliesin, Spring Green, Wisconsin.

## COMMENT ON MRS. BOWEN'S "PARADISE"

### Variance with the Facts

To the Editor:

I have just read the article by Catherine Drinker Bowen, "A Paradise for Artists" in my April issue. To anyone who has visited the U. S. S. R. some of the statements made therein are at so much variance with the facts that one hesitates to accept any part of the story as true.

I made my tour last June and spent two weeks in Moscow. Never, in that or any other Russian city, was I or any other tourist required to take any particular tour. In fact, in order to visit the ball-bearing factory or clinic or anything else, a definite initial step had to be taken first by the tourist. In the lobby of each hotel is posted a list of tours available for each



ay. The tourist, if he wishes, goes to the desk and asks that he be put down for a tour. No guide, or anyone else, ever asked me to take any tour, much less forced me to. So that, when Mrs. Bowen complains about her unwilling walks through subway stations, museums and so on, one naturally wonders—what for?

The case of the lady who went to the U. S. S. R. to see the Russian theatre and was not permitted to set foot in one is equally strange. If she for some reason, "told Intourist point-blank" that she would not go near the factories and clinics of which the Russians are so proud, her hostile manner might conceivably have engendered a counter-hostility on the part of Intourist, with a consequent unwillingness to coöperate. But tickets are regularly procured for foreigners at the hotels; and that was necessary was for her to ask another tourist to get her a ticket, if Intourist wouldn't sell her one; and, of course, there's always the box office.

None of my guides, of which I had about two dozen, spoke in the strange unearthly manner of Mrs. Bowen's Emily. And I was free at all times to take no tour at all, but to wander wherever I pleased.

I had no difficulty in making contact with fellow-painters, as Mrs. Bowen says she did with musicians. I told Intourist I wanted to talk to some artists and they did some phoning and got me a guide and we went to the Artist's Cultural Union in Moscow. Simple as that. I spoke with the secretary who answered my many questions and gave me all the time I wanted. One of the questions was: what was the great problem of their painters then? And the answer was: the relation between form and content. While we were discussing this, another official of the union entered and in no time at all the two Russians were arguing it out between them; they were in complete disagreement, and if any edict had been handed down from the Kremlin on the subject it certainly wasn't obvious.

Concerning Mrs. Bowen's main thesis, it doesn't seem possible that *if* Russia was "the most naturally, spontaneously musical country I ever beheld. . . . Every evening I found concert halls crowded to the roof, people standing in the Bolshoi theatre. . . . Carmen, Butterfly, Aida played again and again to capacity houses," . . . it all "sprang from the Kremlin." The love of music, the theatre, painting and books may some day become commonplace among our people as it has become among the Russians; but I can't conceive of its being forced on them, or even insidiously spread among them in some sort of plot. And such a plot, which would require the inculcation of the love of the aforementioned things, and the proper rewarding of the artists who produce them, could be perpetrated, I can't see what aim it could have except to advance the country in the eyes of the world as a cultured one; not too horrible a purpose, and the means would certainly justify the end!

I didn't go to Russia looking for Paradise. I did see crowds of ordinary working people line up to pay a dime for the privilege of seeing paintings and eagerly discussing them, when they can't be enticed into the free museums here. I found that artists are respected and well paid and secure and busy. I saw no evidence of interference with their ideas; I attended the opening of the exhibition of work of Moscow painters crowded with people actually looking at the paintings, not sipping coffee and discussing each other's gowns) and there were landscapes, still-lives and portraits in profusion, but not a single Stalin, nor a paean to anything or anybody.

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WRITE

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I hope that you will be careful to verify the correctness of the facts in your future articles; such misstatements as were made by Mrs. Bowen can only lay your Magazine open to the accusation of prejudice.

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## Expert Amateur

To the Editor:

I am a subscriber to the MAGAZINE OF ART. I have enjoyed it from the time I became a member of the Federation. In this instance have I been aroused to criticize its grand quality before

I wish you to know that I feel Mrs. Bowen is indeed an expert amateur, as you describe her in *This Month*. Surely you realize the danger in stepping out of the fields of specialization. The peril is particularly great in the field of politics and economics which is always bound to step on people's toes. Mrs. Bowen is not qualified to be the initiator of an expert amateur policy. She starts her article by claiming a sort of inside information, a special privilege—leaving little room for logical conclusion. She infers that her point is irreproachable. I find her observations are not more than superficial and that her analysis of something so complicated for her as a social state is not based on intellectual study.

I have always assumed the policy of the Magazine to be liberal in politics as well as everything else. Please let us see you stick to the democratic path and not sponsor those whose thoughts are fascistic in their ignorance.

If my assumption about your policy is incorrect, please advise me at once.

ZIPPORAH SHILL FLEISHER

New York City.

We are pleased to publish the comments of Miss Stiriss and Miss Fleisher on Mrs. Bowen's April article. The MAGAZINE OF ART put its faith in the author's established reputation in this field and presented her findings in the political sphere (closely related to music in this case) with neither approval nor disapproval. We are conscious that travelers to the U.S.S.R. often return with very different reactions, equally discrepant facts. We are powerless to choose, at this distance, the right from the wrong. The MAGAZINE OF ART seeks to be fair and impartial, and in this sense liberal, when considerations outside its field of competence are involved.—EDITOR.

## LANDSCAPE DESIGN

### Abstract Nature is What?

To the Editor:

Congratulations to you and to Mr. Eckbo for leading an attack against insipidity in landscape design. The vigorous forceful solution has been a long time in arriving along a path hampered by sentimentality, mimicry, an over-zealous attention to detail and a lack of knowledge of pure design principles.

While Mr. Eckbo's article deals primarily with the use of sculpture, he refers frequently to ground design and urges us all to forsake the axis. Indoors the architects, if they have not actually discarded the axis, have long ago bent it beyond recognition. Every rational designer is in full accord with the movement, but it is not my belief that the functional approach to building design can be used unmodified in outdoor architecture.

During the World's Fair in Chicago (1933) we discovered that people like to know where they are; they revel in orientation and abhor being lost. People like to have a plan not too hard to comprehend and remember. People like to know if the units are to the right or to the left of a dominant motive. I do not say that the right angle and perfect balance are the only answers, but I do believe axial simplicity is a factor to be considered along with light, function and economy.



Aside from the place of an occasional axis in complicated building groups, we are likely to use the axis again in ground design, when several units which are separated by some space must be related. A straight line is still the shortest distance between two points, and therefore the most functional. That a straight line happens to be an axis is no one's fault and as you walk along it you may or may not wish for an ending at which to stare.

As for the unit itself, if it is a satisfying area or volume it will have some obvious structure and if we choose to recognize the simple lines of a square we have obtained symmetry. Perhaps the answer is that we are tired of the square, circle, or oblong and crave more complicated forms, but I must point out that even in the author's own sketch he has terminated an axis with a "doings" that describes the structural lines of a volute.

Again, if a terrace has a view we like to bow its periphery to draw people to its center and from this one point we can control the composition. That is making the most of an opportunity, but unless we are extremely wary an axis will result. But I think Mr. Eckbo will agree that we must abandon the inane ramifications of axial relations and bilateral symmetry and grow away from "steam-fitter's planning" without losing its simple logic. After all, even the most occult designer would hesitate to fly in the face of the obvious to the extent of recommending half a moustache.

As an antidote Mr. Eckbo suggests abstraction. I am thinking now of a recently completed garden in which the axis is barely perceptible; a bunch of contours and a tree balance a low wall and steps. Its design is most functional, logical, economical and quite unsymmetrical, yet I dare say most so-called modernists would condemn it for allegiance to the naturalistic school. They would recommend abstraction. But abstraction is a return to elemental forms in order to seek again fundamentals without distraction and to obtain the essence. And abstract nature is what? I cannot conceive of it as I can conventionalized nature; for, even as people can be made conventional in manner and action their abstract representation must be of another material. Therefore, if abstraction is a return to fundamentals, then abstract nature to be represented by nature itself will be its most natural manifestation. And so far as I can tell that is just what modern architects want. Our severe new walls welcome the looseness of unrestricted foliage and are flattered by patterns of light and shade.

LAWRENCE A. ENERSEN.

Washington, D. C.

## PRAISE FOR MR. WILLIAMS

### *The Long View*

To the Editor:

Having just read your most interesting and pertinent article] "A Site for a Memorial," I hasten to send you my congratulations on [Mr. Williams'] important contribution to the discussion of a site for the Jefferson Memorial. It is strange that no one before has brought out what you so clearly state, namely, that in locating the White House where it is, George Washington and the architect thought first of retaining the long view down the Potomac. Today we get this view from the upper stories of the American Security and Trust Company Building. Anyone who takes the trouble to go to the tenth floor of this building will immediately perceive the truth of what you have so admirably pointed out. . . . No

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## FACTS FROM THE FINE ARTS COMMISSION

(Continued from page 349)

could get through a House of Representatives become aware of the issue.

Apparently Mr. Boylan and his colleagues thought time would heal the wounds for they waited almost exactly a year before making another public move. On April 1, 1938, the Jefferson Memorial Commission announced their selection of a site a few hundred feet west of last year's location and chose a very slight modification of the first Pantheon design. Again the decision of the Memorial Commission was attacked by the press, the architectural profession and the lay public. But we are getting ahead of the story and leaving out a few facts.

Dr. Kimball in his letter mentions a change in the personnel of the Commission of Fine Arts. There was a change of officers but the Commission still has the same membership as on March 20, 1937. The only alteration in the set-up occurred on September 29, 1937, when Mr. Charles Moore resigned as

Chairman, retaining his membership on the Commission. Mr. Clarke was elected its Chairman at that meeting. At the same time the Commission further considered the plans for the Jefferson Memorial. The architects, Messrs. Eggers and Higgins from the office of John Russell Pope, presented three alternative designs, including the Pantheon and the "double semi-circular colonnade" scheme. By now it was a new version of the Pantheon, reduced in size proportionately but otherwise similar to the design unacceptable on March 20, 1937. At the September meeting the site was approved—that is, the new site, further south on the axis from the White House, on the shore of the Tidal Basin. Except for a slight modification of the shoreline immediately north of the Memorial, that useful body of water remained unchanged.

Still, be it noted, the Commission of Fine Arts had considered, but *not accepted*, the Pantheon designs.

But as months passed, the Memorial Commission was now inactive. On January 25, 1938, it held a meeting. The Fine Arts Commission knew of it. Here are excerpts from a letter to Rep. John J. Boylan from Mr. Clarke, sent under date February 5, 1938:

"The Commission of Fine Arts was pleased to meet with the Hon. Fiske Kimball, representing your Commission in Washington on February 3, 1938, to give further consideration to designs for a Memorial to Thomas Jefferson prepared in the office of John Russell Pope. Mr. Kimball read the Resolution unanimously adopted at an executive meeting of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission on January 25th.

"Further thoughtful and careful consideration was given to Scheme 'X', a Pantheon. The Commission, however, are unable to change the views previously expressed with respect to the design for the site chosen on the south cross-axis of the Mall.

"Another study prepared by your architects showing a more open treatment providing two semi-circular colonnades seems to the Commission more eminently fitting for the site and commends this design to the Jefferson Memorial Commission as one more suitable, after further and more detailed study, to memorialize the great contributions which Thomas Jefferson made to this nation. . . ."

If a memorial on that site is inevitable, the design the Fine Arts Commission approved is certainly superior to a rather massive Pantheon. Even the Jefferson Memorial Commission came around, for a little more than two weeks later Mr. Boylan wrote the following letter:

UNITED STATES COMMISSION

For the Erection of a Permanent Memorial to the Memory of  
THOMAS JEFFERSON

February 19, 1938

Mr. Gilmore Clarke,  
County Office,  
White Plains, New York.

Dear Friend:—

I am happy to inform you that the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission unanimously adopted the open scheme memorial presented yesterday and advocated by you. There will be no announcement before we see the President, possibly Wednesday.



As we understand the site and design are acceptable to your Commission, I would appreciate now having a brief statement to this effect expressing affirmatively the merits of the site and the design. We understand of course that details of the design can be worked out further with your assistance.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) John J. Boylan,  
Chairman.

At last, it seemed, the Commission of Fine Arts and the Jefferson Memorial Commission had reached an agreement. But it was short-lived at best. On March 26 Mr. Clarke again wrote to Mr. Boylan: "The Commission of Fine Arts was pleased to receive Mr. Frederick A. Delano, Chairman of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, and Mr. A. B. Cammerer, at a meeting held last Thursday, March 24th, in order that it might give further careful consideration in conformance with a request of the Jefferson Memorial Commission, to a design for a memorial to Jefferson in the form of a Pantheon prepared in the office of John Russell Pope. . . ." Mr. Clarke goes on to reiterate the Fine Arts Commission's stand "from the very beginning." Pertinent excerpts from this letter follow:

"Now the Commission understands that circumstances have arisen which preclude the use of this design [the double semi-circular colonnade] and that therefore the Jefferson Memorial Commission has again under consideration the adoption of the Pantheon scheme.

"The Commission of Fine Arts earnestly hopes that before final action is taken with respect to so important an element in the Plan of Washington, an exhaustive and thoroughly adequate study of the whole situation may be made. . . ." Other portions of this letter were released to the press on April 6, 1938.

It would be most enlightening to know just what circumstances had arisen to throw out the open scheme which was, as Mr. Boylan wrote on February 19, "unanimously adopted." Perhaps the official records of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission will be found and read. Then, and no sooner, will the public know why Mr. Boylan, Dr. Kimball and their colleagues reversed their unanimous decision between February 19 and March 24.

As recounted above, a public announcement of the decision of the Memorial Commission, favoring the slightly revised Pantheon, was made on April 1, 1938. Mr. Boylan's statement said that the Memorial Commission had "invited the Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts to sit with it and for the benefit of his advice, and later held repeated conferences with the commission. . . ."

Mr. Boylan conspicuously fails to mention either that the Pantheon had *not* been accepted by the Fine Arts Commission or that his own Commission had within a fortnight unanimously, if temporarily, adopted the lower, more open, double colonnade design!

After the public announcement, on April 4, Mr. Gilmore Clarke addressed a letter to President Roosevelt presenting

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the facts of the case. Also in that letter Mr. Clarke wrote: "It is regrettable that a lay commission has found it desirable to proceed to build upon the last great site in the National Capital a structure which, in the considered judgment of a commission of artists, is unsuitable. . . ."

On April 5 the *Evening Star* of Washington printed an editorial "Let in the Light!" which led the Fine Arts Commission to release a statement to the press pointing out that it had consistently opposed the erection of a Roman Pantheon in or near the Tidal Basin and quoting numerous letters to Mr. Boylan. It was this perfectly dignified procedure which Dr. Kimball characterized in his published letter as "rushing into the press."

Would it not be to the public interest in this matter of national concern for the Jefferson Memorial Commission to reveal its facts as candidly as has Chairman Clarke?

—F. A. W., JR.

## SEEING THE SHOWS

(Continued from page 361)

Statistically speaking, the recent Academy Annual presented some five hundred and forty pictures and pieces of sculpture, more than a third of the number being black-and-whites—not the least part of the show. The Independents presented nine hundred and six items, most of them negligible by any decent standard of ultimate results, with the water colors,



"JUNGLE SCENE" BY HUGO GNAM, JR., A PANEL SIX FULL PACES LONG AND AS MANY FEET HIGH, WAS ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THIS YEAR'S VERSION OF THE INDEPENDENTS ANNUAL SHOW

black-and-whites and sculpture being weak sections. There were more "deuces wild" or unbranded material, more social protest and anti-war material, more mere amateurish and calendar material than usual.

The sad reflection about the Independents is, that whatever it may once have done to afford unknown artists a chance to exhibit, and whatever it may have achieved as a foil for the Academy, it is now questionable whether it is any longer needed as an arena where oppressed artists can get things off their chests. There are so many galleries in New York, particularly so many ready to snatch at the work of any artist

who "promises," that the great raft of stuff at the Independents' Annual might be shown—and a lot of it was shown—during the season. The Municipal Gallery affords one large outlet. A dozen of the small galleries which have opened in the last year or two afford other outlets. Why, then, the Independents? Unless, as John Sloan would still stoutly assert, it is a symbol.

The oldest citizen will be hard put to it to recall a year in which the sheer acreage of canvases by self-taught, naive, hazy wire artists equalled the supply in this year's Independents' display. Of caprice and violence and sheer oddity there is sufficient and some good and well-known artists have taken part—witness Bertram Hartman's *Everybody Wants a Slice*, with



ANDREE RUELLAN'S "CAROLINA SHRIMPERS" IN MAYNARD WALKER'S ANNUAL GROUP EXHIBITION THROUGH JUNE 30TH

nude balancing a cut watermelon and floating among sky scrapers to the temptation of their inhabitants. There are really libelous travesties on one of the most widely known American publishers and on the author of a somewhat controversial book on art. There are other pieces which are merely, it would seem, spleenish attempts to shock.

One will find pillars of the Independents represented—John Sloan (with two figures in the full glory of cross hatching), Walter Pach and Baylinson. Sloan's cross-hatching, although he has found several imitators. And one will find such an academic painter as Charles P. Gruppe included with interior scenes and figures for subjects.

The stranger contributions include a canvas called *The Twelve Most Beautiful Women of America*, though their identity may forever remain a secret. There is an amazingly chunky painting by *Sleeping American Beauty* with a profusion of bric-a-brac and trifles, perhaps a parody on Titian, by Perkins Harnly. That sterling sculptor, José de Creeft, has produced a *Composition in Metal* which epitomizes all the dada and rubbishy constructions of the ages—a figure composed of odd bits of pretty much everything—a Don Quixote sort of robot with a bird cage sheltering what has been surmised to be the dove of peace.



This is not to say that intrinsically good and sound works of art are utterly absent. There is sculpture by Warren Wheelock, Richard Davis, Arline Wingate, Sonia Gordon Brown and others. There is a swirlingly fanciful *Scheherezade* decorative painting by Irvin Kierstein which captures the spirit of Persian Miniatures and Rimsky-Korsakov's music with originality and gaiety. There is Hugo Gnam's *Jungle Scene*, a panel six full paces long and as many feet high, a work with some excellent detailed painting. Walkowitz, another of the pillars, is exhibiting once more the *Anticoli, Italy, 1906* shown at the famous Armory exhibition of 1913.

But, by and large, why the Independents' Annual of 1938? Except, as we have already surmised John Sloan might say—symbol?

### KOLLWITZ IN THREE PLACES

THE VETERAN German artist, Kaethe Kollwitz, now politically under a cloud in Germany, has been honored by three exhibitions at once. At Hudson Walker's are some of her most striking lithographs and drawings, including the infinitely pathetic *Widow*, an extraordinarily beautiful piece of work full of her preoccupation with the death and misery of the humble. Another striking work called *Nie Wieder Krieg* is almost post-apocalyptic in its boldness and graphic appeal. Still another lithograph of a mother with her dead child is rendingly expressive of the hunched animal-like grouping of the bodies. It is profoundly moving art, too tremendously real for dictators.

At the Buchholz Gallery Curt Valentin has assembled other lithographs, etchings and drawings, together with some pieces of sculpture—the medium to which the remarkable German woman has taken as age threatens to impair her sight and interfere with that finesse of line which has made her reputation for high technical standards. The *Self-Portrait* is an unrealized head with something of the compassion in the features that also is to be felt in the artist's linear work.

The third exhibition is at New York's newest gallery, the Wista, and includes some rare prints supplementing the two mentioned exhibitions. New York's interest should go some way toward consoling this master of human pity for the ill fortune which has attended her great success.

### WALKER'S GROUP SHOW

THE ANNUAL group show of work by artists associated with the gallery is under way at Maynard Walker's. The canvas by George Grosz is eloquent of that artist's changing style—a large still life of feminine apparel with remarkable discrimination of textures. The new romantic work by Hobson Pittman reveals pleasing depth of color and paint quality. The picture of a moonlit vista seen through wide open doors, with Victoriana settee and chair lending a further nostalgic feeling to the scene. Alexander James contributes another characteristic portrait. Doris Lee's *Strauberry Pickers* is an idyll in greens, sensitive in its tonalities and saved from sweetness by the length of its poetic vision. Andree Ruellan's *Carolina Limpers* quite comes up to the expectations aroused by her

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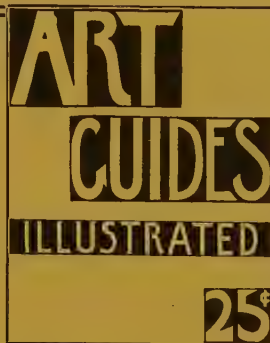
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arresting canvas of fishermen in the Whitney's recent annual. New and striking work by John Heliker and Theodore Czebotar, two of Walker's recent finds, are earnest of the excellent impressions made by their first shows. Canvases by Curry, Lee Townsend (a striking race track incident), Molly Luce, David McCosh, Richard Blow, Dan Celantano and several others make this one of the best shows of the waning season.

#### FREDENTHAL AT THE DOWNTOWN

A TRIPLE exhibition at the Downtown Gallery furthers the opinion formed of David Fredenthal's very real talent for water color. The young Michigan artist has been working on murals and some of his large and robust papers resort to big sweeping mural rhythms—notably his *Yehudi*, a figure piece which might well be a study for Moses. Fredenthal has learned also to clarify his space filling designs with almost abstract patterns while remaining realistic in approach, especially in scenes with many active figures. A sensitive feeling for landscape is evident in his smaller and simpler work, such as a winter scene with an arabesque of tree forms. Interiors are well worked out. Strength and increasing clarity of both color and pattern balance that facility which sometimes threatens to be a dangerous asset.

In the daylight gallery paintings by the older group, work shown before, bring together interesting examples of oils by O'Keeffe, Marin, Sheeler and others, and excellent pictures

from the one-man shows of Dorothy Varian and Nico Cikovsky earlier this season. The group of younger water colorists including Raymond Breinin, Hester Murray Mill, Edward Lewandowski and a half dozen others, are represented to good effect in another room.

#### SUMMER IN THE GALLERIES

WITH THE unusually active season that is closing as impatiently as the added incentive of the World's Fair next year, more of the galleries than usual are planning at least moderate activities for the summer. Instead of one exhibition put on in June or at the beginning of July and allowed to remain unaltered all through the hot weather, a number of show places propose, at least, to change the shows at intervals for the benefit of local art lovers immured in the city, and perhaps most of all by way of a trial balloon for the throng of visitors who regard New York as a summer resort. The experiments should prove interesting to watch.—HOWARD DEVREE.

#### ACTIVITY

(Continued from page 365)

posed institution, which will be called the Smithsonian Gallery of Art, has passed the Senate and the House of Representatives. A commission is making preliminary investigation

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*Circulars and Table of Contents on request*

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for the site and design. The assumption is that the plan for the Smithsonian Gallery will be open to competition. We certainly hope so.

### Doctor O'Keeffe of Williamsburg

NATIVE daughter, Miss Georgia O'Keeffe, more lately of Manhattan and points west, was honored in Williamsburg last month. The artist received the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts from the College of William and Mary, in the town in which she spent her girlhood. An exhibition of Miss O'Keeffe's works, selected by the artist herself, was on display at the time of the ceremonies.



"Three Towers in Rouen," an early water color by John Marin, just given to Fort Wayne Museum by Theodore F. Thieme, founder

### Miniature Rooms

SIXTY THOUSAND people have visited the miniature rooms by Mrs. James Ward Thorne at the Art Institute of Chicago since they opened last October. With this substantial sign of interest, the Institute has decided to keep the exhibition open through next September.

A glimpse at the illustrated catalog gives a clue to the popularity of these architectural models. Discounting the obvious, doll-house appeal irresistible to most people, the models are authentic reproductions, the product of skillful craftsmanship and patient research. Mrs. Thorne had a corps of experts to carry out her ideas. Some of the rooms are actual copies of existing examples, others combine the important elements of the interiors of the time. Periods represented range from the

### Buddhist Wall Paintings

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Gothic to the present day. Among our catalog favorites are the Jacobean bedroom from Knole House, a Chippendale room from the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a delightfully stuffy Biedermeier parlor.

### *Speight's Prize-Winner for Vermont*

*Boxholder 27* by Francis Speight, which took third prize at the Corcoran show in 1937, has been awarded to the Wood Art Gallery, Montpelier, Vermont, through the Ranger Fund of the National Academy. The Wood Gallery is the first small museum to receive a picture through this fund; Francis Speight is an unusual choice for the Academy. Precedence has chosen the work of older painters, larger museums.

### *Traveling Exhibitions, 1938-39*

THE AMERICAN Federation of Arts has recently issued its third Handbook of Traveling Exhibitions, an advance guide to virtually all exhibitions offered through the established agencies. In its pages will be found descriptive announcements of one hundred and eighty-two traveling exhibitions for the 1938-39 season. They are listed under subject divisions, with simple cross references to facilitate their being located readily.

Among the exhibitions which the Federation itself will circulate are Representative Buildings of the Post-War Period,

assembled by the American Institute of Architects; An American Group; group shows by Kleemann, Kraushaar, Macbeth and Rehn, New York dealers; photography by Fritz Henle; Chinese Rubbings, from the Philadelphia Museum of Art; and a number of others.

### *Flemish Painting for San Francisco*

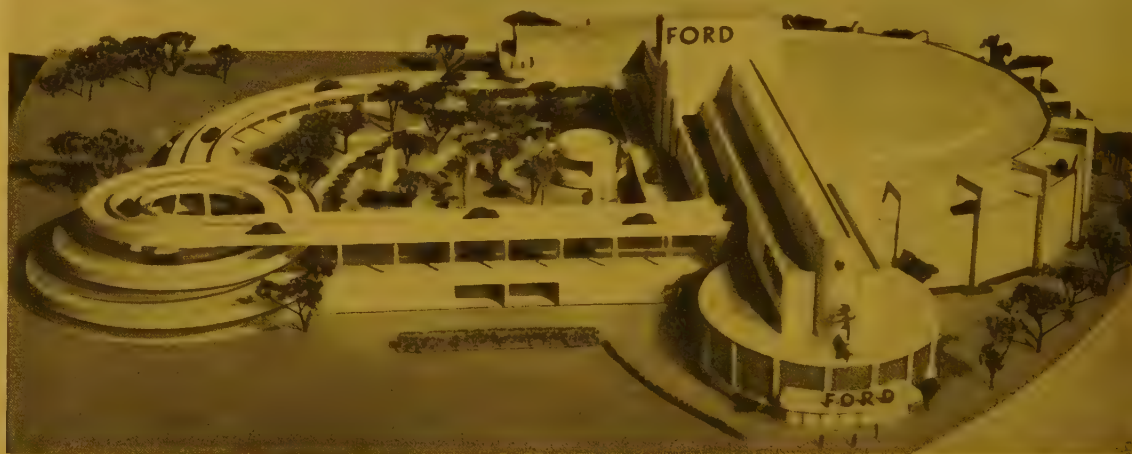
*The Holy Family* by Jacob Jordaens, seventeenth-century Flemish artist, was recently acquired by the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco. The painting, which is on a wood panel, is the gift of the Samuel H. Kress Foundation of New York. It is the first example of Jordaens' work to be included in a San Francisco museum collection.

### *Americans in Paris*

THE AMERICAN exhibition which opened in the Jeu de Paume, Paris, on May 24 and will remain there through July 13, was collected by the Museum of Modern Art upon the formal invitation of the Republic. A tentative showing of a tentative group of pictures and sculptures was seen at the Modern Museum last fall. Apparently its reception at that time led Mr. A. Conger Goodyear, President of the Museum of Modern Art, and members of the staff who have since assisted him, to

(Continued on page 380)

*Right: Model of the Ford Building at the New York World's Fair, 1939. Designed by Walter Dorwin Teague; Albert Kahn, Inc., architects. New Fords will move constantly on its winding ramps*



*Left: Pacific House, the Theme Building of the Golden Gate International Exposition will stand in the center of a broad lagoon, contain a great hall of Pacific Relations. William G. Merchant is the architect; Philip N. Youtz, the consultant*



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Those volumes starred (\*), for the even years, contain a biographical directory of artists, and obituaries for the year.

By 1934, this biographical section had grown so large, that it was decided to issue a separate, complete publication, and the new Who's Who in American Art came into being. Of Volume 1, published in 1936, a few copies are available, and are included in this sale.

Quantities are limited, and orders will be filled as received.

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#### THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

National Headquarters: Barr Building, Washington, D. C.



(Continued from page 378)

revise the exhibition "upward." At any rate the collection finally sailed for France late in April, unseen in final form by the public at large. From the list of works included it should be complete and satisfactory. If well hung, as it doubtless will be under the direction of Mr. Alfred Barr, Director of the Modern Museum, no American in Paris should feel at all hesitant about seeing it.

The show will give a reasonable view of twentieth-century American painting and sculpture, with emphasis on the two decades since the war. Such giants from the turn of the century as Augustus Saint-Gaudens and the Prendergast brothers seem to provide the connecting link with the American past. The impressionists (American version) are otherwise notable by their absence.

### *Marin for Fort Wayne*

THEODORE F. THIEME, founder of the Fort Wayne (Indiana) Art Museum, has given that institution an early water color by John Marin, entitled the *Three Towers of Rouen*. First exhibited in the Photo Secession show in New York City in 1910, the painting is a splendid example of the artist's early work and offers interesting contrast to the more familiar manner of his later water colors. The work was originally a gift by the artist to Mr. Thieme.

### *"If That's a Bird, I'm Hitler"*

NEW YORK's brilliant and outspoken little Mayor startled art lovers recently when he paid a half-hour visit to the Sculptors Guild Outdoor Show on Park Avenue.

Piloted by the patient and discursive William Zorach, he paused every now and then long enough to deliver himself of an opinion which was unexpected in its candor. Before Warren Wheelock's abstract study of a bird he was heard to mutter: "If that's a bird, I'm Hitler." He continued (to a *Times* reporter): "There are two classes of people who don't understand modern art—those who don't understand it and admit it, and those who don't understand it." These and other sallies were, however, tempered with praise for Milton Horn's portrait of his mother and Dorothea Greenbaum's study of a boy. On leaving he graciously admitted that provision for another site for the show would have to be made next year, since a court house is to be erected at the present location.

If the Mayor was cool to the Sculptors Guild Show, New York was not. The attendance has been record-breaking; the encouragement to American sculptors incalculable.

### *French Literature and Painting*

LUCKY ARE MUSEUMS in college towns when they can win the enthusiastic cooperation of the art faculties in the neighborhood. A wholesome interchange takes place which stimulates the art activity of the whole community, besides putting museums and college teachers on their toes. There have been two recent instances: the Baltimore symposium on Courbet and the Naturalistic Movement and an exhibition at the Colum-

bus Gallery of Fine Arts which demonstrates the relationship between French literature and painting in the nineteenth century.

The Baltimore symposium was announced in the last issue and Miss Spencer's article this month is a result of it. Briefly Professor Boas of Johns Hopkins arranged a Courbet Show at the Baltimore Museum with the staff's help, of course, and also outlined the symposium. But besides the Courbet show there was an exhibition of academic painting of the same era put on, with no loans, by the Walters Gallery. Miss Eleanor Patterson Spencer of Goucher College gave one of the papers. All this sounds like a fine example of local getting-together for a common purpose even though some out of town scholars did their bit.

In Columbus the Gallery of Fine Arts housed an exhibit assembled by Theodore Robert Bowie, assisted by Philip H. Adams, the Director, and Professor W. W. Hendrix, head of the Department of Romance Languages at Ohio State University. Mr. Bowie modestly calls his introduction to the catalog "Tentative Introduction to a Complex Subject" and remarks that only an institution like the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris could do it justice. The catalog, incidentally, is published by the romance language department of the University. Distance from Paris did not deprive Columbus of "encouragement and suggestions" as well as loans from several American museums. And the dealers were generous, too.

So-called "theme" exhibitions can be overdone and certainly present many pitfalls, but they have infinite possibilities if handled with intelligence and taste. There seems to be a tendency to break away from the more stilted presentations such as paintings of a period, a style or a school. Witness these titles: "Tragic Painters" or "Artists of Aloofness."

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## NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 366)

It is not two pages before such words as "revolution," "epoch of imperialism," "new socialist world," appear in the text of this treatise on painting. Mr. Romm builds up the case that Matisse, because of his love of exotic textile costumes and flowers created "an art for the privileged few" and that he "strives never to go beyond the borders of the decorative, joyous garden which he once created." It is no sore point with Mr. Romm that Matisse's "garden" contains no notice of world revolution and no labor themes. He accuses him bitterly of "catering to the business man and the intellectual worker," and making through his pictures a decorative and calming escape from reality which brings "forgetfulness of the social dangers of modern life."

Naturally, for his own purposes, Mr. Romm has skimmed over the important part which the great Moscow collector Serge Stchoukine played in establishing Matisse. As early as 1903, Stchoukine bought his first Matisse canvas. Through the course of years, many of the important paintings by the French artist found their way to the growing Stchoukine



collection of modern art. The eighteenth-century palace originally built for the Troubetzkoi princes in the time of Catherine the Great was then the private house of Stchoukine and the imposing setting of the collection. It was the salon of his house that Matisse was commissioned to decorate in 1910, and for which he painted his mural panels, *La Danse* and *La Musique*.

Mr. Romm has apparently made a careful and exhaustive study of the work of Matisse and the analysis shows a genuine appreciation of his talent. That he is a master draftsman, planning even his slightest sketches as compositions, Romm readily acknowledges. The power of Matisse in decorative rhythm and in the use of daring and intensive color are likewise positive elements which Mr. Romm admits Russian painters cannot afford to overlook. The numerous illustrations, chronologically arranged, add considerable interest to the book. As several of the paintings are reproduced in color, and rather faithfully to the originals, one may follow Matisse's development visually, as well as guided by the words of Mr. Romm.—ALICE GRAEME.

### Paint and Prejudice

*Paint and Prejudice.* By C. R. W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. Price \$3.50.

AS TO whether the satisfactoriness of a man's life is chiefly determined by temperament or circumstances, the life of an artist shows the odds in favor of the former. There is such a

thing as an equable disposition, and the author of this book of reminiscences is simply without it.

He had everything else in his favor. No crust in a garret for him. Born of an affluent and intellectual family, he picked up a precocious familiarity with the gossip of art and politics from visiting intelligentsia, drew and painted under expert prompting, and was sent to the most expensive private schools for the education of an English gentleman. There were fruitful visits to Europe with his mother, especially to the art galleries; but the unconscionable discipline of school life established his tendency to morbidness, a mood which was to haunt him repeatedly throughout his future. Thence to the art schools of London, where he received a training both academic and modern. Thence to Paris, where he learned from the later post-impressionists and the wild men in the Montmartre of absinthe and apaches. Gertler in London, Modigliani in Paris, were the men who most impressed their personalities upon him. Cubism and Futurism had their influence.

Then the war came; and out of a couple of years in the Red Cross and the Army Medical Corps he produced the first pictures of warfare mechanized and inglorious. This was the beginning of his real grievance against the world. He attracted the hostility of the esthetes, the clerics and the patriots and responded with a persisting bitterness, though no less a man than Sir Ian Hamilton wrote his praises. Authority itself was not too unkind. He worked for the official war records, both

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British and Canadian; and though the censors gave him trouble, only one of his pictures was banned completely.

Even from his student days he sold easily and made a good living. His fame spread; he made two strange visits to New York; he met everybody. He worked up through the art societies of London until his name was entered for the Royal Academy. But the pace was too severe. Crippled periodically with rheumatics and intestinal ailments, he took to a caravan existence to save his life. And that turn has taken him back to nature in his art.

Despairing of a standard in modern art, Mr. Nevinson has finally taken refuge in catholicity. He cannot dismiss the achievements of the past, and expresses now a reaction from the grotesque to the satisfying qualities of the old masters. The reproductions in this book show his practice of varying his technique and style to suit mood or subject. Consequently they run the gamut from the lovely Durer-like portrait of his wife to streets and figures that bear the impress of the Parisian *isms*. And he has found his definition of beauty. Prettiness is under-accentuation; ugliness is over-accentuation; and beauty is the hair-line between. That seems good enough. Even if it does pass the riddle on to another set of words!—GEORGE MCLURE.

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## FRENCH ACADEMIC PAINTING

(Continued from page 353)

Arts and the private masters certainly tried to teach their students to *compose* as a fundamental principle of the art of painting. Is it possible that some of the pictures which we have put aside for dullness of subject will bear examination as architectonic design, and that the subjects will seem less dull? Let me say now, definitely, that not only has pictorial trash come down to us from the Italian Renaissance, but that much more of it survives from the nineteenth century. The more courage to those, then, who will explore it for the few fine treasures that they may discover! At any rate, we have begun to separate the impressionists who selected and organized the material of their pictures from those who merely repeated in paint the effects of reflected light. Is it then wholly presumptuous to suggest that a Renoir may have learned something about composition from a Gleyre? That, in short, the gap between Renoir's *Bathers* in the Coe Collection and Gleyre's *Lost Illusions* (Walters Gallery) may not be unbridgeable? As for technique, the surrealists themselves, together with the camera, have been reminding us of the "spell" created by the immaculate rendering in two dimensions of a sharp visual image, as distinguished from an impressionist's painting of the mind's casual attention to the thing seen. Perhaps we shall have to call upon the psychologist to help us determine the effect of such technical achievement upon the human mind and to analyze its significance. There are hundreds of paintings by Gérôme, Meissonier, Fortuny, Alfred Stevens and others, from which to study the problem.

An incidental but no less interesting aspect of the composition study of this period would be the gathering of more information about the new pigments available to artists following the synthesis of aniline dyes, as well as the methods by which various painters worked. Whether or not their palette, which it was fashionable in the eighties to collect, would be of help here, I cannot say. Certainly a review of the work of the Commission on the Cleaning of Public Pictures, appointed in 1861, should interest students of those paintings since Hiler has discovered (in unpublished documents of the *archives de l'art français*) that "in some cases the actual size and shape of the picture was changed by the restorers to 'improve' the composition."

FINALLY, AS a field for the study of governmental organization for the education and protection of artists, the state of French art in the nineteenth century is worth investigation. For both the supporters and the opponents of current projects in the United States there is especial interest in the efforts of a sympathetic government (the Second Republic, 1848-1852) to assist distressed artists by direct appropriation and by lotteries through competitions and commissions for public works. The whole story of the idea that "the arts ought to be directed in such a manner as to diffuse the principles and institutions of the government that supports and honors them" (Neufchâteau) has not been written. In France the building of a general national art organization was based partly upon the idea that, as one writer expresses it, "but one necessity of the Frenchman's nature, his need for food, meets a fuller practical recognition than his need for art, the business of restaurant keeping being the only legitimate business in Paris that exceeds that connected with art." The government undertook simply to exercise control to some extent the supply and demand of this industry by sponsoring public exhibitions and auction sales (the Hôtel Drouot), and by indicating approval or disapproval of the quality of the work offered. The subsequent trend toward uniformity of subject and technic was the natural result of group decisions, the compromise of juries, and the difficulty of expressing in words a definition of great art.

There was no socialist intent in the French government's concern with its artists' achievements. Inherent in all successful patronage of valuable ideas is the sponsor's consciousness of a kind of reflected glory. Some individuals enjoy this with simple pride; some abhor it and seek anonymity. Those to whom social responsibility outweighs the desire for privacy permit the public to know their treasures freely by exhibiting them and by reproductions. But corporate "patrons" such as cities or governments have nothing to lose on the other hand in accepting the world's praise of their generosity or perspicacity. Everyone knows that the court of France was particularly distinguished for its interest in the arts; the imperial and republican governments of the nineteenth century were struggling to uphold, in the face of a changed society, the ancient traditions for patronage which they had inherited.





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ly arrival with eager anticipation. If it is delayed even a day, letters and 'phone calls keep us busy with explanations. Proof that to many it is practically indispensable! "A heaven sent gift," writes one. "It inspires me to *do*," exclaims a second. "It tells me those oh-so-many things I've long wanted to know," adds a third. "Why hasn't someone produced such a thing before?" asks a fourth, and these are typical. So you see that, like Major Bulbous,

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# JUNE EXHIBITIONS

## ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

*Addison Gallery of American Art:* Prehistoric Rock Paintings; to June 19.

## BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

*Brooklyn Museum:* Recent Accessions. Techniques in Chinese Art. 18th-Century American Pewter. American & European Samplers; to June 6. Complete Graphic Works & Some Paintings by Gauguin; June 18-Sept. 18. Designs from Costumes & Settings for the Dance; June 18-Sept. 25.

## BUFFALO, NEW YORK

*Albright Art Gallery:* Buffalo Society of Artists: Four Man Show; through June.

## CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Art Institute of Chicago:* Architectural Models in Miniature Rooms; to October 1. Annual Exhibition of Work by Students of the Institute; June 9-July 10.

## CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

*Pomona College:* Alumni Exhibit; June 4-20.

## CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Cleveland Museum of Art:* 20th Annual Exhibition of Work by Cleveland Artists & Craftsmen; through June 12. Josephine P. Everett Memorial Exhibition. Medieval Wood Sculpture & Rakka Pottery; from June 15.

## DAYTON, OHIO

*Dayton Art Institute:* Student Work. Travel Posters; June & July.

## GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

*Gloucester Society of Artists:* First Exhibition; July 2-Aug. 1.

## GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

*Neville Public Museum:* American Silver from the Garvan Collection.

## HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

*Avery Memorial:* Work of Children's Classes; June 24-July 15. Exhibition by Horticultural Society; June 21.

## HOUSTON, TEXAS

*Samuel M. Yunt Galleries:* Southern Printmakers; to June 20.

## LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

*Los Angeles Museum:* 19th Annual Painters & Sculptors Exhibition; to June 12.

## LYME, CONNECTICUT

*Lyme Art Association:* Open Exhibition Water Colors & Prints; June 11-July 3.

## MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

*Currier Gallery of Art:* Oils by Eugene Higgins. Paintings by Luigi Lucioni. Water Colors by Olaf Olson. Etchings by W. P. Lombard.

## MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

*Mills College Art Gallery:* Annual Students Exhibition; through June 15.

## MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

*Milwaukee Art Institute:* International Water Color Exhibition; to June 5. Contemporary Swedish Prints; to June 13.

## MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

*Montclair Art Museum:* Woodcarving & Weaving from Poland. Peasant Costumes; June 1-30.

## MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

*Mystic Art Association:* Annual Exhibition Work of School Children.

## NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

*Newark Art Museum:* Swedish Tercentenary Exhibition; to June 15. Collectors' Exhibition; to June 26.

## NEW YORK CITY

*A. C. A. Gallery,* 52 W. 8 St.: Paintings by a Group; to June 4.

*Argent Galleries,* 42 W. 57 St.: National Association Women Painters & Sculptors General Exhibition; to July 1.

*Babcock Galleries,* 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Water Colors by American Artists; during the summer.

*Boyer Galleries,* 69 E. 57 St.: Non-Objective Paintings; through June.

*Buchholz Gallery,* 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Carl Hofer, Paul Klee, Max Beckmann. Sculpture by Lehmbruck, Kolbe, Marcks, Sintenis.

*Contemporary Arts, Inc.,* 38 W. 57 St.: Artists Look North from Radio City; to July 15. Small Paintings for Summer Visitors; to Sept. 3.

*Downtown Gallery,* 113 W. 13 St.: American Art for the Summer Home. Selection of American Folk Art; to June 18.

*Federal Art Gallery,* 225 W. 57 St.; WPA Murals; to June 16.

*Kraushaar Galleries,* 730 5th Ave.: Paintings & Water Colors by American Artists.

*Metropolitan Museum of Art,* 5th Ave. & 82nd St.: Three Centuries of French Domestic Silver. Designs for French Silver; through Sept. 18. Italian Baroque Prints; June 11 through Sept.

*Municipal Art Galleries,* 3 E. 67 St.: Retrospective Exhibition; June 1-19. Oils & Sculpture by Resident New York Artists; June 22-July 10.

*Museum of Modern Art,* 14 W. 49 St.: Modern Primitives of Europe & America; through June 27.

*National Exhibition of American Art,* 215 W. 57 St.: Exhibits from the 48 States, the Territories & Possessions of the United States, sponsored by Municipal Art Committee; June 15-July 31.

*New York Public Library,* 5th Ave. & 42 St.: Artists of Aloofness; to Nov. 30. Architecture & the Illustrator; to Sept. Recent Additions to the Print Collection; June-Nov.

*Studio Guild,* 730 5th Ave.: 2nd Annual Revolving Exhibition of Paintings & Sculpture; June 6-Sept. 5.

*Walker Galleries,* 108 E. 57 St.: Annual Spring Show of Group Paintings; to June 30.

## NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*Smith College Museum of Art:* 19th & 20th Century French & American Paintings from Permanent Collection.

## PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

*Philadelphia Museum of Art:* Swedish Tercentenary Art. Gustavus Wesselius; June 30-July 17.

## PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

*Carnegie Institute:* History of English Painting; to June 12. Selected Pittsburgh Artists; June 20-July 31. Paintings by Virginia Cuthbert; to July 12.

## PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

*Berkshire Museum:* Sculpture by Anna Hyatt Huntington.

## PORTLAND, OREGON

*Portland Art Association:* Museum Art School Exhibition; to June 30.

## PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

*Provincetown Art Association:* Independent Exhibition; June 26-July 10.

## ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

*Rockport Art Association:* 18th Annual Exhibition.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

*Paul Elder & Co.:* Wood Engravings by Clare Leighton; to June 11.

*San Francisco Museum of Art:* Paintings by Victor Arnautoff; through June 7. First Annual Exhibition of American Physicians' Art Association, June 12-18.

## SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

*Seattle Art Museum:* California Ceramics. Lovis Corinth. American Water Colors. Photographs by Mantor, Staadeker, Kassowitz & Wagner. Sculpture by Hernandez. Paintings by Leon Derbyshire. Exhibition of Arts & Crafts; June 8-July 3.

## SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

*Springfield Museum of Fine Arts:* History of New England Architecture before the Romantic Revival; to Sept. 1.

## TOLEDO, OHIO

*Toledo Museum of Art:* 25th Annual Exhibition of Selected Contemporary American Paintings; June 5-Aug. 28.

## TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

*New Jersey State Museum:* Swedish Tercentenary Art; to July 5.

## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA

*Old White Art Gallery:* Circuit Exhibition Butler Art Institute; June 15-July 15.

## WICHITA, KANSAS

*Wichita Art Museum:* Spring Exhibition Wichita Art Association; to June 30.



• • **NOTICE** • •

**NEW VOLUME 34 OF THE**

# **American Art Annual**

**IS TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE FALL OF 1938**

*Effective* with forthcoming Volume 34, the American Art Annual changes its date of publication. Instead of appearing in February—the middle of the art season—the Annual will henceforth appear at the beginning of the new art season.

Volume 34 is scheduled for release on or about October 30. In addition to incorporating the record and changes of the entire year 1937, the first seven months of 1938 will be included. Among Volume 34's important features will be:

**THE YEAR IN ART**

*Significant events of 1937 and seven months of 1938 in all branches of art activity, and a factual survey of the year's achievements.*

**DIRECTORY OF ORGANIZATIONS**

*Local, regional, national — with staff, officers, purpose, activities, accessions.*

**ART SCHOOL DIRECTORY**

*Professional art schools, universities and colleges with art departments. Curricula, tuition, enrollment, department heads.*

**FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS IN ART**

*From whom available, qualifications, when to apply, amount of stipend. A feature especially important to students.*

**THE ART PRESS**

*Magazines, bulletins, newspapers carrying art notes. Editor, publisher, address, price.*

**PAINTINGS SOLD AT AUCTION**

*All paintings sold at auction for \$200 or more, 1937-38.*

The new edition will understandingly be the most useful Annual of recent times—certainly it will be doubly needed for the up-to-date facts and information it will contain.

*Order Now and Save Money!* You may enter your order now for Volume 34, to insure early delivery, and save money. Orders received by October 1 are allowed a pre-publication discount of 10%. To Members of the Federation the price is \$5.50.

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HANDBOOK No. 3

SEASON 1938 • 39

**R**EPRODUCED above is the cover of new Handbook No. 3 of the National Exhibition Service of The American Federation of Arts, just published.

This Handbook tells you how and where to get traveling exhibitions, lists and describes in detail 182 exhibitions available through the Federation and 29 other important agencies, and in addition includes a supplementary list of 21 additional institutions circulating exhibitions under special terms.

Copies of this useful reference work have already been distrib-

uted free of charge, to more than 1,500 organizations. It is available, upon request, to any organization which has not received a copy, to any group interested in a program of art activity for its community, and to Members of The American Federation of Arts who would like to know more about this phase of the Federation's work.

Just address The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Washington, D. C., and the Handbook will be mailed to you promptly.